

# CORONET

JULY



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## Articles

I Saw Niemoeller Reborn.....	ANONYMOUS	3
Stukas Are Slowpokes.....	MICHAEL EVANS	9
I Molded a Mountain.....	GUTZON BORGLUM	16
The Volcano under Hitler.....	HANS HABE	32
Pigeons in the Blitz.....	JOHN F. CURRAN	47
What Latin America Won't Swallow	OLIVER LA FARGE	55
Exit Van Loon, Smiling	HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON	61
Lunatic of the Heavens.....	HELEN FURNAS	67
Toledo's Dead-End Kids.....	KENT SAGENDORPH	108
A Crust of Bread and Liberty.....	MARTIN GRAHAM	119
Aftermath in Louisiana.....	HOWARD WHITMAN	127
The Way out of Worry.....	RALPH HABAS	154

## Short Stories

Conference in a Caboose.....	IRVIN S. COBB	26
Anna's Gift.....	GEORGE SUMNER ALBEE	115

## Features

What Income Tax Should You Pay?	GEORGE GALLUP	14
Liberty's Bodyguards: <i>Portfolio of Personalities</i> .....		39
Echoes and Encores: <i>A Cartoon Digest</i> .....		51
Case of the Shadowed Spy.....	R. W. ROWAN	59
The Gallery of Photographs.....		71
Mississippi Moon: <i>Painting by Thomas Benton</i> .....		123
The Coronet Game Book Section.....		133

## Miscellany

Forgotten Mysteries.....		30
Not of Our Species.....		37
Your Other Life.....		65
There's Money in It.....		107
Carleton Smith's Corner.....		113



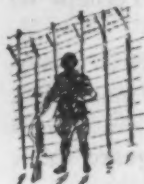
## Cover Girl

Verna Knopf was a photographer's model in Chicago when she was sent to Hollywood to lend her charms to a series of automobile ads. She liked it there and decided to stay. Now 21 years old, she is studying dramatics and singing, hoping to land a film contract. Laszlo Willinger, who photographed her for Coronet, was known as Europe's number one camera glamourizer—Hedy Lamarr and Marlene Dietrich and many other Continental beauties went to his Vienna studios to have their portraits made.

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Long imprisoned in a concentration camp, somewhere in Germany, the man who inspired "Pastor Hall" continues to carry on his crusade against Hitlerism



## I Saw Niemoeller Reborn

ANONYMOUS

WHEN I FIRST heard Martin Niemoeller preach, I did not know him personally. That was toward the end of 1936, shortly before the Gestapo arrested me.

A friend and I drove out early that Sunday morning to Dahlem, a residential suburb of Berlin, where Niemoeller's little church stood. It was already filled with eager crowds — bankers, high army officers, small business men, workers, artists, writers and actors. There were many agents of the Gestapo, too. This morning he began his sermon challengingly, "My brethren, and members of the Gestapo!"

He did not talk as you would expect a pastor to speak. There was nothing smooth and persuasive about his voice. His sermon

was brief, clear and objective. But the things he said gave us hope. For during those years he represented the only force openly protesting against Hitler.

About six months later he was arrested.

Most of us who saw him in prison are either still there or dead. I am one of the very few who finally got out. The story I want to tell is not the old story of how the Nazis torture one man.

For the fate of Martin Niemoeller

*"Not you, Herr Hitler, but God is my Fuehrer." With such words, Pastor Martin Niemoeller harangued the German dictator right up until the summer of 1937. What happened then, of course, is familiar history to all. Niemoeller, whose following numbered in the millions, was imprisoned, finally acquitted—and then rearrested. Since 1938 the world has had little actual news of him—until now, when for the first time he speaks, through the pen of a man who was beside him in prison. Naturally, the bearer of Martin Niemoeller's message must remain anonymous. Like all former prisoners of the Gestapo, he has been warned that his relatives in Germany will pay dearly, should he be so unwise as to talk out of turn.*

AUGUST, 1941

ler is not merely the fate of an individual. What happened to him proves that a man can be imprisoned and still be a victor; that another can be dictator of half the world and still lose the decisive battle.

WHEN I SAW Niemoeller again at the Oranienburg concentration camp in July, 1937, he looked bad. His cheeks were sunken, and he had lost weight. But even more pitiful was his clothing. Although he wore the same grotesque trousers and jacket, the same cap, pointed like a medieval court jester's—somehow these clothes seemed more incongruous on him than on the rest of us.

During those months, the fad at Oranienburg was to shoot prisoners trying to escape, which meant anyone approaching closer than six yards to the barbed wire fence.

One evening as we were returning from work, a guard called to an elderly prisoner, "Come here, I want to tell you something." Slowly the man began to walk

toward the wire. Didn't he see that the guard had raised his rifle, was aiming at him? Perhaps he did not want to see.

But Niemoeller saw. In a moment he was at the old man's side, and the two collapsed in a heap on the ground as the guard's shot went over their heads.

The old man began to sob. The SA man at the gate said mockingly, "Maybe tomorrow. I can wait." Only Niemoeller seemed unmoved. His eyes seemed to look far away into the distance. At such moments there was a dignity and nobility about him. He was strong and invincible.

THREE MONTHS later, in October, 1937, I met him again. This time we were alone in an anteroom of the Moabit jail.

He was utterly changed. Somehow I felt that he had no strength left. "Are you ill?" I asked.

He shook his head and attempted to smile. "No—I'm hungry. It's a silly thing to say, isn't it? But I am hungry, all the time. Nights I can't sleep for hunger."





He told me he had been deprived of the privilege most prisoners had to buy additional food in the canteen. He had to live on the ordinary rations—which were not intended to keep body and soul together. He was even forbidden to smoke.

We were silent for a long time. Suddenly Niemoeller began to talk—like a starving man—in a torrent of confused words.

After his arrest, I gathered from his words, he had been taken to the Gestapo headquarters. There he had been promised his release if he pledged in writing to support Hitler's regime. At this time he had been treated quite decently; the hearing was more like a business conference. Then, when he refused to sign, he was transferred to Oranienburg where he was again offered his liberty. When he again refused, he was charged with high treason.

As Niemoeller finished his outburst, he sat staring at the floor, buried in thought. There was no doubt about it; the Gestapo had succeeded. Here sat a broken man.

FROM THEN ON I saw Martin Niemoeller every day during our "leisure hour," which generally began at nine o'clock. He was always hungry. Sometimes I man-

aged to get a piece of sausage or bread to him which I was allowed to buy in the canteen.

Everything possible was done to break him. When he asked for Kant and Schopenhauer from the prison library, he was told that Kant and Schopenhauer were not proper reading for him. Instead, they sent him *Mein Kampf*.

But they could not break him—not with abuse. The uncertainty, though, was far more trying. He began to despair because his case never came to trial. It was postponed again and again until it seemed the trial would never come.

Most of the other prisoners hated Niemoeller because he was a former navy officer and because he had once belonged to the Nazi Party. Once I asked him how he had become a Nazi.

He smiled. "Sometimes I ask myself the same question. Perhaps you are too young to understand how we officers of the old navy felt after the peace of Versailles. That treaty simply had to be abrogated if there was to be any peaceful solution to the European problem. Many of us thought Hitler was the man to do it. But we were mistaken. And when I saw I was mistaken, I left the Party."

As Christmas approached, the mood of the prisoners grew stead-

ily worse. Many, not knowing whether they would ever come to trial, broke under the strain of their long imprisonment. They had long since ceased to wonder what the outcome of their trials would be; they simply longed for them to take place, so that their fate might be finally decided.

Niemoeller was no exception. I tried to cheer him up by reminding him of his loyal congregation, and his eyes momentarily sparkled. But then, suddenly, his features seemed to dissolve; his face turned grey, and the corners of his mouth twisted painfully. In a low voice he said, "My congregation, my people. You see, it was easy when my people believed in me, gathered about me. I was not alone then."

His head sank. Slowly he walked away from me.

During the next few days he avoided me, keeping pretty much to himself. Finally, as we were returning to our cells one day, I asked him whether anything had happened. He shook his head.

"No," he said, "nothing has happened—nothing will ever change. If we only knew . . ."

"Knew how long it will last?"

"No. Knew why we are here."

"But you are here because you choose to be," I said.

"Because I choose to be?"

"Certainly. If you promised tomorrow that you would no longer preach against Hitler, you'd be released immediately."

He did not seem to hear my last words. In astonishment he stared at me.

Three days later came the change.

ON THAT morning, Niemoeller seemed possessed of a businesslike resoluteness I had never seen before in him.

He smiled. "Do you remember some time ago when I told you about my congregation? How happy I was then because those people believed in me? Remember how I told you that I was never alone in those days?"

I nodded.

"Well, now I suddenly find that I am not alone now, either. No one is ever really alone."

A few moments later he had approached one of the other prisoners who was standing alone. At first the man would not talk. But Niemoeller followed him, talking persistently. And while I couldn't hear what was being said, I could see the other prisoner was answering sullenly, in monosyllables. But gradually he loosened up; his words flowed more freely. Soon

the two were walking up and down the yard together, completely engrossed in their conversation.

This scene was repeated often during the following weeks. But every day it was a different prisoner with whom Niemoeller struck up a conversation. Sometimes I heard fragments of the conversations; sometimes I joined Niemoeller and his new friend.

The beginning was always hard, but Niemoeller refused to be discouraged. Gradually the other prisoners began to talk, often to their own astonishment.

In rain or snow we walked up and down with him, disregarding the suspicious looks of the guards. During the first few weeks Niemoeller himself said little. He let us speak freely of our hopes and fears for our loved ones who waited in despair for us "outside." Our suspicions of Niemoeller had vanished. Now, all of us felt that he was our friend.

One morning he said, "Fear is our greatest enemy. Yes, I must admit I've often been afraid during these past months . . . and at the same time I never for a moment thought I was a coward."

He smiled faintly. "Strange, isn't it?" he said. "The more I think about it, the more I wonder. In the war I was the commander

of a submarine that sank more than 50,000 tons of Allied shipping. It was no easy life. And yet the hour before my first sermon was worse. Then I was really afraid. How could I know whether what I wanted to say was the Word of God? How could I ever be sure?"

He fell silent and stared abstractedly at the prison wall as we walked. Then he went on, "That first time was the hardest. Nothing else required quite so much courage. Not even going to prison. Yes, at first I was afraid of prison. But when I think of what really lay behind this fear, I realize that it was not worth fearing. In every century there are a few men who rule by violence. It is bad, but it does not last forever. Soon it will be only an evil memory. Shall we fear such a transitory thing?"

We hardly realized that he had begun to talk about himself. For when he talked about himself, he was really speaking for all of us. Nor did we realize that his tone had changed completely. There was no longer any uncertainty in it. When Niemoeller spoke now, he was clear and plain, and there was an undertone of hardness.

He said much more to us. "Don't surrender," he told us, "don't lose faith in the things

you've believed in all your lives. Don't go over to the enemy in your hearts just because he happens to be in power at the moment!"

A few of us were permitted to go from cell to cell and take orders for the purchases that could be made in the canteen. In this way we passed on Niemöller's words. Once he said, "What is man? A wave that levels out, a shadow that disappears with the sun. Death is the way that leads to God." And we spread the word.

I know all this sounds too weighty and dramatic, and now that I come to say these words, it is hard for me. But then they were the very words we needed. And Niemöller was the very man we needed.

Our lawyers thought we had all gone mad. Oddly enough, there were still lawyers in Germany who had the courage to defend us. These men visited us often, and they were accustomed to finding us in despair. It astounded them to find us composed and hopeful.

Those of us whose wives were allowed to visit told them of Niemöller, and we asked them to pass on the words he had given us. "What is man? A wave that levels out, a shadow that disappears with the sun. Death is the way that leads to God." And our congregation broke through the walls of the prison. Niemöller's words rang throughout Germany.

FINALLY, early in February, 1938, I was transferred back to Oranienburg. I never saw Martin Niemöller again.

Only a few high-ranking Nazis and those who lived in the concentration camp know what has become of him. I don't even know whether he is dead or alive now. But I do know that he will never really die. For he represents something immortal. He is the eternal revolt of the spirit, the challenge of faith to the tyranny of brute force.

The very existence of a Niemöller is the best proof that the Hitlers will not rule forever.

### ***Laconisms of Ambrose Bierce***

THE DANGER OF BLUFFING—The hardest tumble a man can take is to fall over his own bluff.

SO LOUD AND SO WRONG—To be positive means being mistaken at the top of one's voice.

*Our modern aeronautical engineers have designs for airplanes that crowd the laws of Nature—but they have yet to find supermen who can fly them*



## **Stukas Are Slowpokes**

by MICHAEL EVANS

ON THE secret drafting boards of the world's best aeronautics laboratories you can see tentative blueprints for airplanes which the experts will tell you could fly possibly 650-miles an hour at stratosphere altitudes. These airplanes would drive all others from the sky and win the war hands down.

"Why don't you build these airplanes?" you ask the engineers.

They shrug their shoulders. "Superman is only a cartoon character," they say. "Who could fly such a ship?"

At last, man, the intellectual, the incomparable creator and inventor, has reached a point at which his mind can create and devise a machine which his feeble body is incapable of controlling.

The simple fact is this. The human body is constructed to pro-

pel itself at maximum speed of about ten seconds per hundred yards. That is tops for man muscle power. The best military airplanes now built can fly more than 400-miles an hour and power-dive at 550. They are within 100 miles of the theoretic limit of 650 miles, at which an airplane would approximately equal the speed of sound (at that speed sound waves would brake the airplane, because the plane could not fly faster than the waves left the propeller).

Curiously, so far as is now known, pure speed—whether 100 miles an hour or 500 miles an hour—has no effect on the human body. But the shock of sudden acceleration, deceleration and banking, at speeds of 650-miles an hour, or even 300 or 400 miles is another matter. Until medical experts learn how the body can

be manipulated to withstand such stresses those 650-mile an hour planes might as well stay on the drafting boards.

Everyone has read of the terror of Germany's Stuka planes, the dive-bombers that plummet almost vertically to drop their bombs dead on a target and whip away at a forty-five-degree angle. Not so many persons realize that the chief problem of the Stuka is to retard that dive. The Stuka is a slowpoke among modern war planes. It has to be. It comes down on the target at not more than 225 to 250-miles an hour, only about half the possible maximum. Even so, the steep turn at the foot of the dive drains blood from the pilot's head. He is "blacked-out"—blinded—and feels a strange, unearthly force sucking his internal organs down into his abdomen. Often, he loses consciousness for as long as a minute.

ONLY YOUNG, perfectly trained athletes can stand such strain. The heart muscle must be strong and robust to counteract the shock to the circulatory system and to pump back against the torrent of blood rushing toward the large arteries of the abdomen and thighs. Abdominal muscles must be powerful and well-toned to resist the

sickening tug upon the stomach, the liver and intestines, to check the surge of blood from the upper body.

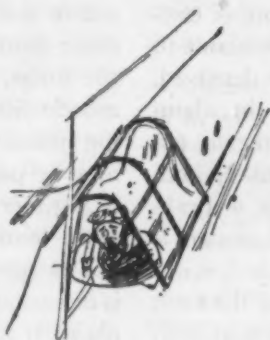
Fighter pilots face up to the same gravitational stress when they try to turn 400-mile an hour ships. This is the reason the fighter usually has but a single crack at his opponent. By the time he pulls his plane around in a long, slow curve, the enemy has vanished. Maneuverability in the air is a direct factor of speed. That's why airmen laugh at statements that some American fighter planes are slower than Hurricanes, Spitfires and Messerschmitts but "more maneuverable." That's like saying an automobile at 20-miles an hour takes a curve better than one at 80 miles an hour.

Now, here is a curious fact. If an aviator could fly his plane lying on his stomach, he would be bothered little, if at all, by the "black-out." In a prone position the only effect of centrifugal force would be to force blood from side to side of the head, from rear to front or vice versa. The big abdominal organs would merely press down on the floor as though a giant hand were pushing the pilot's back.

The advantages of a plane which could be flown thus are so obvious



that aeronautical designers, particularly in Germany, have worked for several years on experimental models. In fact, such a plane is reported to have been built by the Germans. The ship is described as literally a flying wing, accommodating two airmen who lie flat in either wing. The engine, or possibly two engines in tandem, is housed in the wing's center. Booms run out behind on which a tail assembly is mounted. There is no fuselage.



BUT THERE ARE still some major hurdles before the 650-mile an hour ship of the drafting board can be built.

One of these is altitude. Just as man was built to propel himself one hundred yards in ten seconds, so was he built to live within a fixed range of altitude. The upper limit is around 15,000 feet where the air pressure is about half that of sea level. A quick rise to 20,000 feet will cause a pilot to faint for lack of oxygen. At 35,000 to 40,000 feet a pilot will faint even when breathing pure oxygen. His lungs can not absorb enough of the life-

giving stuff due to the low barometric pressure. No altitude much higher can be reached without oxygen supplied under pressure. As a matter of fact, if a pilot should reach 66,000 feet without a pressure suit or pressure cabin, he could not breathe at all, even

if he had a mask supplying pure oxygen. For at that altitude the water in his lungs would *boil*. He would quickly choke to death.

Those might be merely interesting scientific facts had not the ceiling of air combat been pushed up so fast that altitudes of 25,000 to 30,000 feet are common. The top layer of fighters, protecting a bomber squadron, today frequently flies at 35,000 feet in daylight hours. The air forces of the world are currently engaged in a desperate race to lift their normal ceiling for operations to around 40,000 feet or better. That is seven and one-half miles straight up.

To fly and fight at such sub-stratosphere levels pilots must have both oxygen and artificial pressure. For fighter pilots this is pro-

vided by air-tight, electrically heated flying suits in which oxygen is supplied under low pressure.

These suits are life and death to the airmen of World War II. Without them they would quickly fall prey to two ailments, *anoxemia* and *aeroembolism*.

*Anoxemia* is simply lack of oxygen. You can not live without it, of course. If completely deprived, you lose consciousness in about two minutes. After eight to ten minutes revival is not likely and, even if effected, damage to brain tissue and higher nerve centers is usually permanent.

If their oxygen supply does not function properly, airmen at high altitudes grow faint. At first there is apt to be a feeling of well being—something like the lift of a cocktail. The pilot often does not realize that he isn't getting enough oxygen. But this euphoria quickly fades out, and the pilot feels so tired and lifeless that he doesn't care what happens. Nothing seems to matter. He relaxes, lets the controls go loose and in another moment is unconscious. His plane plunges toward the earth. Sometimes the rich lower atmosphere revives him in time. Sometimes not.

*Aeroembolism* is what deep-sea

divers know as the dread "bends." Fighter planes race upward at a climbing rate of around a mile a minute or better. The effect is the same as if a diver were jerked from the floor of the ocean to the surface in one hard yank. Unless the change in atmospheric pressure is compensated, nitrogen bubbles out of the blood like soda phizz, faster than it can be thrown off by the lungs. The bubbles lodge in muscle tissue and cause anguishing pain. In severe cases there may be paralysis and death.

Fighter pilots seldom suffer more than a mild case of bends, but the speed of their climbing rate is mounting. In a 650-mile an hour plane, it would take more than a low-pressure flying suit to protect them from the nitrogen bubbles.

THEN, THERE is what might be called the doughnut danger. "Sinkers and coffee" has been a standard order at flying field lunch counters since a couple of years after the Wright boys took off. But not at the flying stations on Europe's war front. Why? Because pastry, fried food and the favorite delicacies of iron-clad young stomachs form gas in the intestines. When a flier zooms up at a mile a minute clip, reduced altitude causes the gas to expand. The gas

pain grips the pilot suddenly, like a stomach cramp in a long distance swimmer. It may be so severe that he loses consciousness.

Second only to the doughnut as a menace to fighting pilots is the common cold. You will find no members of the RAF or the *Luftwaffe* flying with a cold in the head. A cold blocks the nasal passages and traps air within the eustachian tubes. At upper altitudes the pressure of expanding air trying to escape, wracks the head with a knife-like pain so severe that the eyes seem ready to pop out. A pilot fighting such pain has two strikes on him before he even sights the enemy.

Only pluperfect human beings can fly fighting planes today, and even they can not fly at peak

efficiency for very long. Accidental crack-ups and crashes take a toll of planes and lives that almost equals that of air combat. And from fifty to seventy-five per cent of these crack-ups are attributed to the human factor.

Meanwhile, until all of these problems are mastered, the 650-mile an hour plane is likely to remain in the blueprint stage.

—Suggestions for further reading:

**FIT TO FLY**

by Lt. Col. Malcolm C. Grow  
and Captain Harry G. Armstrong \$2.50  
D. Appleton-Century Co., New York

**THE FUTURE OF AIR POWER, A Five-Year  
Plan for American Aviation**

by A. P. de Seversky \$2.00  
Simon and Schuster, Inc., New York

**WINGED WARFARE**

by Major General H. H. Arnold  
and Lt. Col. Ira C. Eaker \$3.00  
Harper & Brothers, New York

## **The Tip-Off**

THE COLUMNIST, O. O. McIntyre had a continual struggle in his early New York days to make ends meet. Once, when he was down to his last ten dollars, he decided to drown his sorrows with a sumptuous meal at a fashionable hotel. When he came out of the restaurant, the doorman signaled a cab and waited for his tip.

"Do you have change for a twenty?" McIntyre asked.

"Certainly, sir," the resplendent doorman answered, taking out a fat roll.

"Well, then," said McIntyre, closing the door of the cab, "in that case I won't insult you with the small tip that I intended to give you."

—EUGENE FLOOD



**The Coronet Monthly Gallup Report:**  
 "Nothing," goes the old saying, "is certain, except death and taxes." Yet nothing is more uncertain than taxes, according to the American Institute's findings for Coronet readers this month. At least, nothing is more uncertain than our ideas about who pays what.

## What Income Tax Should You Pay?

by DR. GEORGE GALLUP

**The Issue:** *If the public set income tax rates, what would they be?*

**The Poll Question:** How much income tax should a family with two children pay (Federal and State combined) if earning \$3,000 a year? \$5,000? \$10,000? \$100,000? How much income tax do you think such families now pay?

Head of Family (2 children) Earning—	What Public Thinks He Now Pays	What Public Thinks He Should Pay	What He Actually Does Pay*
\$3,000 a year	\$30	\$60	\$00
5,000 a year	100	200	130
10,000 a year	300	600	720
100,000 a year	5,000	10,000	46,000

\*State and Federal, using New York state's 1941 income tax returns as a basis.

### **A comment on this question**

Ever since the "share-the-wealth" campaign of Huey Long, many rich Americans have supposed that public opinion was thirsting to tax large incomes—indeed to tax them literally out of existence. Nothing, apparently, could be further from the truth.

The question asked in this month's survey reveals three pertinent facts:

First, the public has only a hazy notion of how much income tax is actually paid by people in the various income groups at the present time.

Second, if the public were allowed to have its way, the income tax base would be considerably broadened. For example, families earning \$3,000 would pay \$60 a year, whereas at the present time they actually pay nothing. Moreover, the public would extract \$200 from families now earning \$5,000, instead of the \$130 which this group pays under our present system.

Third, the public's idea of "soaking the rich" is extremely conservative. The public believes a man earning \$100,000 should pay ten per cent in taxes. Actually, however, he already is paying about forty-six per cent in state and Federal taxes, using New York

as a basis for figuring. Certainly many a rich man will wish that the American public, instead of the House Ways and Means Committee, could write the next tax bill!

AS A MATTER of fact, the public's ideas about raising rates in the low-income brackets make considerable sense in the eyes of a great many tax experts. These men, who should know, argue that any appreciably large revenue cannot possibly be raised by upping the rates in the top brackets. On the contrary, only through a *mass tax*—a tax which reaches into the pocketbooks of the millions—can the huge defense bill to which America is committed be paid.

The public sees eye to eye with that program. In a recent survey, the majority of people said they thought every American family not on relief should pay an income tax, even if it is only \$5 a year.

*In 1935, Dr. George Gallup founded the American Institute of Public Opinion which has an amazingly accurate technique for measuring national sentiment. He led up to this project by heading, when he was in his twenties, the department of journalism at Drake University in his native Iowa, after which he taught at Northwestern U. The brilliant young professor soon was picked by the Young & Rubicam advertising agency to direct research. A year after striking out to establish the American Institute, Gallup instituted a similar organization in Britain.*

*America might well pause to mourn the passing of this famous giant-scale sculptor—who worked “as close to Heaven as man can reach”*



## ***I Molded a Mountain***

by GUTZON BORGLUM

THE “MAD” determination to deal with a mountain of granite as if it were a block of stone in your own studio—the great outside wonderful world as your workshop—the sun, moon and even the stars as your light—the subject of your creation the mass action of civilization—this was first conceived in the South when I obtained a commission to do the Confederate Memorial at Stone Mountain.

I was consumed with both physical and spiritual fear at the thought of the long years of purely material work ahead of me before I reached the surface of the figures into which I must carve the characters of Generals Lee, Jackson and their host. Every sculptor with whom I discussed my problem advised against the undertaking. But this only provoked a

challenge in me and gave me a will that dared not fail—a will that did not fail.

So you see it was Stone Mountain which opened the door for me to a new and larger form of memorial. And it awakened in Doane Robinson of South Dakota, historian of the Northwest, a patriotic desire that the record of the development of the great Western democracy should have a mountain monument, too.

In response to his request in 1925, my son Lincoln and I first went to the Black Hills, where, equipped with guides, horses and camping outfits we started out to find a piece of rock suitable for carving. A shoulder of granite facing southeast was a necessary condition, because on it would be carved my figures. And since the sun, north of the equator, is a



Southern gentleman, moving to the south in his westward course, I wanted as much of him all day on all my figures as was possible. If sculptors who build monuments north of the equator would think of this, our monuments, whether sculptured figures or ornamented buildings, would be more successful.

After two weeks' search, camping in the open, scaling seemingly inaccessible granite cliffs, we started to climb the grandest of them all, Mount Rushmore. This was no easy task, for the last one hundred and fifty feet was almost perpendicular rock. Only with great difficulty did we manage to find a toe-hold. But by pyramiding three men on the shoulders of each other, the top man with a lariat found a rock where a rope could be looped over a projecting sliver of rock, and we finally reached the higher floor. Breathless and with torn hands and broken nails, we collapsed on top, glad to lie resting in the sun.

AND THEN suddenly a new thought seized me—a thought so great it frightened me, forced me to my feet—a thought that was to dominate all my carving: *the scale of the mountain peak!* We were 6,200 feet above sea level, 500

feet above all surrounding cliffs. We looked out over a horizon literally leveled by the workings of time on this upper world. I had not realized that there was another scale here different from the lower world—a scale that existed unknown and unused by man. Here the Earth aspires, forgets the valleys, assumes the form and dimensions of related sister planets; mighty storms alone hew and shape these lonely peaks as they reach away from the little farms and valleys.

And it came to me in an almost terrifying manner that I had never sensed what I was planning—its dimensions—and how unrelated to the gods were the little people below. I had never dreamed in terms of this outer, larger world, and yet here I was planning to carve the gods of the valley, of my race, of my little world, into the dimensions of these planetary forms. The thought struck me as a rebuke. I realized that I was not of them, that I belonged to that smaller people—the little race of two-legs in the valley. I felt a new fear.

The vastness that lay here demanded complete remodeling of the grouping I had been dreaming. I must see, think, feel and draw in Thor's dimensions. The

mountain was beginning its work.

The rest of the story can be repeated here more briefly. No less important than selecting the location was finding a subject justifying the task. As I have often said, the carving of mountains should not be undertaken by anybody, anywhere, except for the purpose of recording great and important events in the history of the people who form the surrounding civilization. And so we chose a memorial symbolizing the creation and the extension of the republic — the forming of the government by Washington and Jefferson—the saving of the political union by Lincoln—and finally, the completion of the unfinished work of Columbus by Theodore Roosevelt who, by cutting the Panama Canal, united the west and east oceans.

HAVING determined our subject, our location and the important question of lighting, I proceeded to make models on a scale of an inch to the foot of finished carving. Then began the difficult problem of locating the figures on the mountain. Back in New York, when I was making the colossal head of Lincoln, there was a colored woman who cleaned the studio. She had swept around that

block of marble for weeks when one day her gaze traveled up to what I had been doing. "Why, Mistah Borglum!" she exclaimed in astonishment. "How'd you know Mist' Lincoln was in that stone?" That has been our problem: we knew that Washington and the others were in that rock, but how to find them?

The surface rock of Rushmore is rough, indented with fissures and occasional infiltrations of feldspar and other minerals. I found that the cracks generally run diagonally, about seventy feet apart, and I could place the heads between them. However, the cracks and irregularities of the stone have made it impossible to finish any one head until all were carefully determined, for we never knew what changes we might find to be necessary.

The Black Hills are far from the labor market of skilled stone carvers. Indeed, there are few of these anywhere. But on the other hand, western South Dakota is rich in mines, and from miners we drew our crew of workmen. Many of them have been with me for years and have mastered the difficult problem of how to remove stone by blasting, yet without injuring or jarring the rock.

The men work in harnesses,

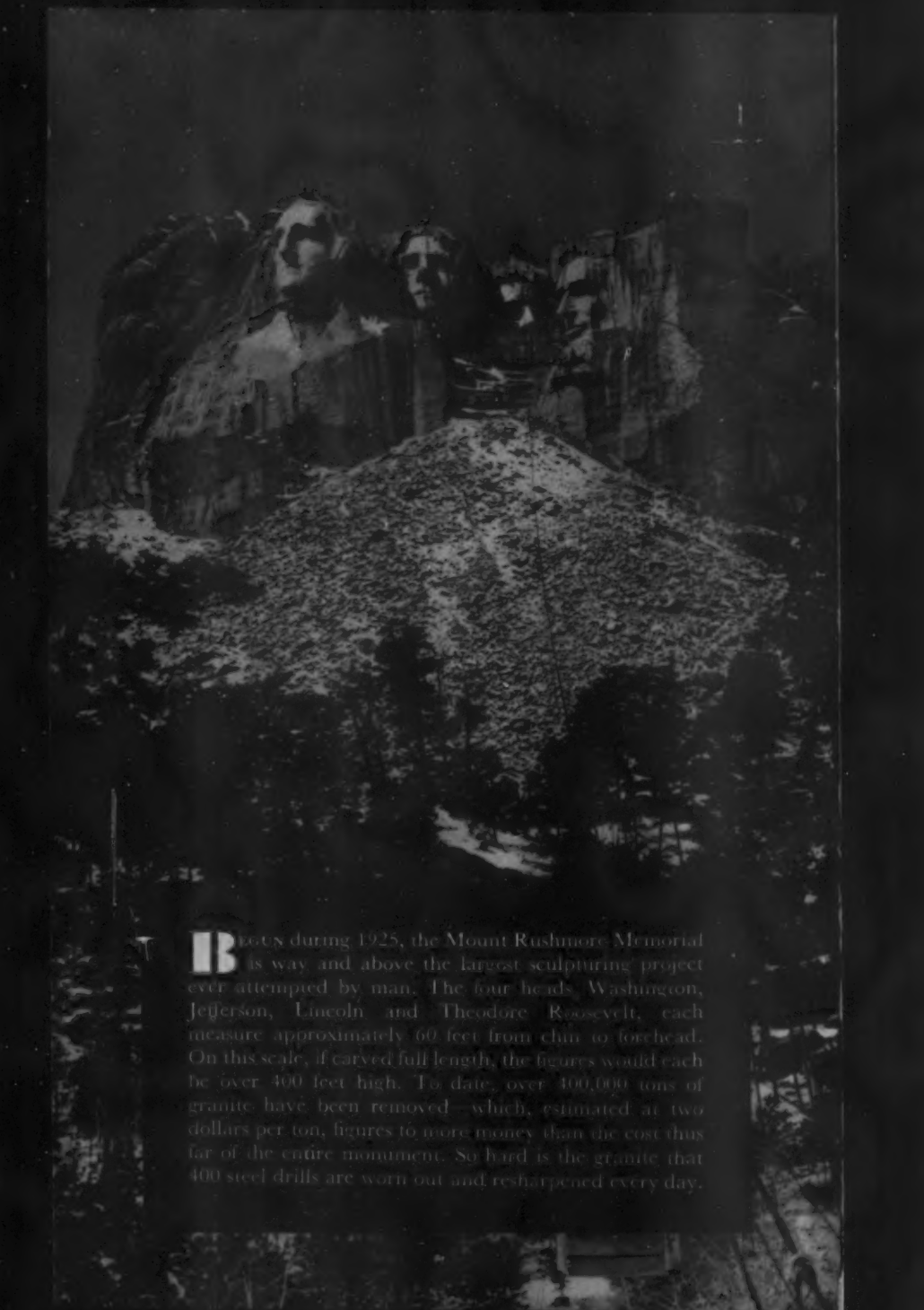












**B**EGUN during 1925, the Mount Rushmore Memorial is way and above the largest sculpturing project ever attempted by man. The four heads, Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln and Theodore Roosevelt, each measure approximately 60 feet from chin to forehead. On this scale, if carved full length, the figures would each be over 400 feet high. To date, over 400,000 tons of granite have been removed—which, estimated at two dollars per ton, figures to more money than the cost thus far of the entire monument. So hard is the granite that 400 steel drills are worn out and resharpened every day.



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*An idea as to the tremendous scope of the Mount Rushmore Memorial project may be gleaned from these closeups. That's Gutzon Borglum, now deceased, directing work from the scaffold.*



suspended over the side of the rock at the end of a steel cable operated from a winch at the top. A sudden gust of wind or a kink in the cable may give a driller an unpleasant moment or two, even though he is strapped in and could not fall out even if he became unconscious. I had a very severe jolt not long ago, and my whole nervous system sustained a severe shock.

The work goes on in almost any weather except during severe cold and thunderstorms. A couple of years ago, although the sky was clear above our mountain, lightning from a storm several miles away exploded the dynamite a driller was preparing for a blast and threw his cable out into space. He had the presence of mind to kick the rock with his feet, having his knees bent, as he swung back and thus avoided a nasty accident. Two other workmen narrowly escaped injury from the same thunder bolt, and now we don't work with dynamite if there is a storm anywhere around.

I SPOKE of the infiltrations of other deposits. At the end of Lincoln's nose we ran into silver and lead, but not enough to interfere with the design. Washington's collar has had to be carved with special care, owing to the large size

of the feldspar crystals, larger in the Black Hills than anywhere else. About four years ago, on Roosevelt's cheek, a red substance was encountered which Dr. Connolly, of the South Dakota State School of Mines, thought might be a rare mineral called allanite. Fortunately it occurred in the hollow between nose and cheek and could all be removed as part of the design. The Black Hills are known to have a greater variety of minerals than almost any other locality in the United States.

Many years ago, we used to climb to our work at the top of the mountain — eight hundred steps up very steep ladders. We had no money for a proper hoist—engineers had said that an adequate system of scaffolding and elevators would cost more money than we had for the whole memorial. I estimated that it took the men from fifteen minutes to half an hour to get their breath after the climb before going to work. That meant a loss of from fifteen to thirty hours a day in a group of sixty workmen, to say nothing of the exhaustion. We had always had a bucket running on a stout cable to ferry the drills back and forth, a distance of fifteen hundred feet to the blacksmith shop, and finally, after eight years of climb-

ing, I had the carpenter make an open box, capable of holding four men, to replace the bucket. At first I rode up and down alone, for the Commission forbade the workmen to imperil their lives and even tried tactfully to keep me from riding in it. Now the box has been strongly reinforced, together with the cable carrying it, and all but the most timid ride in it. The cable will carry a load of twenty thousand pounds.

It might be said in passing that the human element in carving is as difficult to deal with as the granite. I am proud to say that we have never lost a man in our fourteen years of hazardous work, and I took pleasure in pointing out a comparison of this record with that of the government at Boulder Dam, to a government official who had reported to Washington that I did not take sufficient care of my men.

WE COME finally to the question of finance. The work was first started as a South Dakota project but it soon became evident that outside help was needed. The visit of President Coolidge to the Black Hills in 1927 was a determining factor; without his aid I believe the project never could have succeeded. He pointed the way to

securing federal aid, and for some years the work went on as a fifty-fifty proposition, the government agreeing to match private donations. But the work began to lag on account of insufficient funds, insufficient power and insufficient labor—and finally Congress took over the whole burden. We have President Franklin Delano Roosevelt to thank for the understanding support he has constantly given the Rushmore Memorial. When he came here in 1936 to unveil the head of Jefferson, I asked him to dedicate the memorial as the "shrine of democracy." In looking at it, he exclaimed, "I didn't know so big a thing could be so beautiful."

The United States government has so far invested \$750,000 in this memorial. When it was started there were no roads leading to it. Now two fine roads lead to it which have cost the state nearly half a million dollars. The increase in Federal gasoline taxes, owing to tourists in South Dakota during the past twelve years, has amounted to \$4,150,000. Chambers of Commerce, highway and travel groups estimate that Mount Rushmore is responsible for eighty per cent of the tourist trade in the state, but even reckoning it as only fifty per cent, the

federal government has received \$2,075,000 on its investment of \$750,000, and it is an income that will continue from year to year.

The State of South Dakota has taken in \$16,600,000 and has been able to build a dustless road clear across the state. In addition, tourists brought into the state last year some \$25,000,000 in new money. If we attribute eighty per cent of this to Rushmore, that means an annual increase of twenty millions, or more than the amount produced annually by the most profitable gold mine in North America.

But it is public response to the memorial that has thrilled me most. Last year, approximately 300,000 tourists visited Mount Rushmore. They came from all walks of life and showed varying

degrees of emotion. One little old lady, plainly a New Englander, grasped my hand at the door of the studio one day. She was sobbing, and my wife put her arms around her to steady her.

"Mr. Borglum, may I shake your hand?" she said. "I never knew America was so great!"

*Just a few weeks before his death, last March, Gutzon Borglum, in submitting a draft of his inspiring manuscript, wrote us: "In 1901 I was living in London, in an old suburban villa, where shortly before I had given Isadora Duncan her debut in Europe. I don't know whether it was her coming, with all the freshness of the great West, or just what it was, but I decided to return to America after eleven years abroad. I had gone over to Paris for no special reason and on a sudden impulse, with no preparation, I jumped into a cab and caught the boat train for Cherbourg. America had summoned me. The call of the wild had been stirred, somehow, in some way, and, born in the West, nourished in the West, I turned back—and never returned to Europe except to place work I had produced here." I Molded a Mountain is the last article Mr. Borglum wrote.*

### **No Time for Argument**

**R**IDING AROUND the battlefield after the battle of Rocroi, victorious Prince de Condé came to a place where a platoon of hardened veterans were burying the dead in a common grave. As he came closer, he noticed in horror that a man being shoved into the open pit by a weather-beaten

corporal was breathing perceptibly.

"Stop!" the Prince shouted. "Don't you see that the man is still alive?"

"Ah, *mon général*," replied the corporal, "we have no time to argue with them. If you stopped to listen to them, they'd all be alive!"—L. C. TILANY



*The long arm of coincidence reached  
right into the caboose and shook  
hands with Salty Bill and Pete Gavin*



## **Conference in a Caboose**

by IRVIN S. COBB

NUMBER 'Leven was getting well under way. Number 'Leven was a local freight on the Edge-cliff branch of the old J. J. & P. road which, as may be recalled, eventually and through a series of consolidations, became an important feeder of the Chicago & Gulf Grand Trunk.

She bumped over the frogs of the siding into which she had been backed to let the afternoon passenger train whizz by. It would be down grade for the next eight or ten miles and she went along a-zooming. The sun wasn't down yet but would be pretty soon now. On one side of her the red glow out of the west made the swaying train all ruddy and bright, but on the other side, where the cars threw their shadows, there already was a hint of the twilight which in the fall closes in so briskly.

Having seen Number 'Leven headed out of the switch, Pete Gavin, the rear brakeman, flopped on to the back platform and entered the caboose to get his lantern lit against the coming of darkness. Salty Bill Shawn, the conductor — known to Pete officially as "Cap"—was the senior by a few years but at that he was the youngest conductor on the payroll.

As Pete came in, Bill looked up from where he was sitting at the fold-back table sorting manifests and checking up on his orders.

"Hey, Pete," he said, "got a little extra job for you. We've picked up a deadhead that's due to get off pronto and aplenty."

Bill had the reputation of being strictly opposed to walking gentlemen stealing rides. Not for nothing was he nicknamed Salty Bill.



Pete grinned. He was rather hardboiled that way himself.

"That's right down my alley," he said cheerfully. "Where did we pick him up? Back yonder at the siding? Because I'll swear we didn't have any bums aboard when we pulled out from Edge-cliff Junction."

"That's it—it was while Number Two was passing us. Near as I could tell from the quick flash I got of him he's not much more'n a kid. Kind of husky-looking, too. Think you'll need any help handling him?"

"Who—me?" demanded Pete. "That's a laugh. Ever know me to fall down yet with one of those guys?"

"I wouldn't redlight him off too sudden or too rough if I was you," counseled Shawn. "We're racking along kind of fast."

"Well, that all depends," said Pete. "If he'll listen to father I'll let him have a free lift till we stop at Red Oak for water. But if he gets gay, I'll heave the sucker off as we go."

He let himself out of the forward door and kicked it to behind him as he went up the ladder of the next car ahead, a refrigerator, loaded and sealed. After that there were several flats and some coal gondolas to be negotiated.

In about ten minutes he was back. He didn't say anything, though. Just edged past Shawn and went to a bunk and got his lunch pail—Pete had a good appetite and ate his suppers early. He was stirring up the fire in the stove, having first adjusted a coffee pot on top of it, when Shawn glanced around at him and said:

"Have any trouble?"

"Everything's o.k.," answered Pete.

There was something in his tone that caused the conductor to turn clear about.

"What do you mean o.k.?" he demanded. "Did you flap him off?"

"No-o-o," admitted Pete begrudgingly. "That didn't scarcely seem human."

"Then he quits us at the water tank, that's it, eh?"

"No, I don't hardly look for him to do that, neither."

"You don't hardly—? Say, look here, what's the big idea anyhow?"

"Well, I'll tell you about that," said Pete. "That fellow turned out to be a friend of mine."

Outraged, Bill stood up.

"Pete Gavin," he said, "the way I've always got it, you're supposed to be shacking on this freight for the J. J. & P. But if

you're shacking for the general accommodation of all your old college chums, why, that's a different matter and might need looking into. Now what's the name, please?"

"What's what name?"

"The name of this friend of yours?"

"Oh, him!" Pete fumbled the least bit. "I—I'd rather not name any names, him being in kind of a jam and down on his luck and all that."

"Suit yourself. Me, well, I'm built different from you, I judge. Long as I'm drawing down wages to fill my job and do my duty, all hoboes look alike to me."

"This boy's not any regular hobo, Cap."

"That so? Then he'd better quit acting like one." He reached for his lantern.

"What you fixing to do?" asked Pete.

"It's no need you should fret about what I'm fixing to do, Mr. Gavin," replied Bill, "but when I get back it's likely I'll be in shape to make a complete report to you, Mr. Gavin, on behalf of the committee for booting stray tramps out of a side door Pullman just to see how hard they'll hit and how many times they'll bounce, sec?"

On the floor in a corner of a

gloomy box-car sat a stocky young man with a dirty, square-jawed face and flaming red hair. He blinked as Bill Shawn thrust his lantern toward him, but he didn't flinch or make any move.

"Good evening, Mr. Conductor," he said politely—politely and calmly. "I've already fixed up things with your brakeman."

"That's just the beginning of your troubles, sonny," announced Shawn grimly. "You maybe fixed up things with him but you're not going to fix up anything with me, because I'm not the fixing-up kind." He put his lantern down and took a step toward the intruder. "Are you going to scram up from there peaceable or have I got to haul you up by the scruff of your neck?"

"Just a minute, boss," said the other, not in a pleading voice but in the manner of one who desires to present a plausible case. "This is the first time I ever tried to beat my way on a railroad and I'd hate to lose out the first time. Besides, I'm flat-busted and what's more, I've got the half-promise of a job at the end of this run—a job with a section crew. And if I'm not there in the morning to claim it, I'm liable to lose out altogether. That's why I'm asking you to be reasonable about this."

"Reasonable? I'll show you who's—"

By reason of a sudden dropping of Salty Bill's lower jaw, further speech for the moment seemed out of the question. With his right hand the stranger had done an instantaneous bit of fumbling in a pocket of his ragged coat and out had come something that shone in the flickering lantern light. Salty Bill was gazing right into a short and gleaming muzzle.

"Back off, Mister, and leave me alone," said the cornered man.

So Salty Bill began backing.

At the end door, on the eve of his exit, he halted, a look of begrudged admiration and sly humor on his face.

"I may not know many things," quoth Salty Bill, "but I do know when I'm licked. Gentle stranger, you win the joint debate. But before I bid you goodnight and fade away into the darkness beyond, there's just one question I'd like to ask you: Did you put up the same kind of a little argument to my brakeman as you put up to me?"

"Practically the same."

"That's all I wanted to know," replied Salty Bill, and was gone into the darkness.

As Mr. Gavin's superior let himself into the caboose Pete took down from the immediate vicinity of a smiling mouth the remaining segment of what had been an impressively large and gratifying thick corned-beef sandwich.

"Well, Cap," he inquired, "how'd everything pass off?"

"Pete," said Shawn with a suspicion of a guilty grin twitching at the corners of his mouth, "Pete, talk about coincidences—would you believe it—that boy is an old friend of mine, too, and what's more, a lodge brother!"

*This story which he has written for Coronet is a true one, says Irvin S. Cobb, who is one of the best-loved writers living in America today. He tosses the following illuminating hint about the identity of one of the characters in his tale. A man who became president of the Chicago & Gulf Grand Trunk Railroad was a red-haired, squarely-built fellow. He treasures a foolish-looking contraption—a glass pistol that originally contained candy. It reposes in a locked cabinet in the private study of his big house in the fashionable town of Lake Forest, Illinois.*



WHILE ENGLISH forces under Abercromby made a hopeless, blood-drenched attempt to storm Ticonderoga on July 10, 1758, four persons at Inveraray, Scotland, thousands of miles away, watched a ghostly replica of the assault in the sky.

One of the observers was Sir William Hart, renowned Danish physician. Another was a daughter of Captain John Campbell who led the assault.

So detailed was the phantom warfare that the onlookers were able to identify the men as they fell. They wrote down a list of the casualties, which later was proven completely accurate.

Those who lived in that part of Scotland swore to the truth of the casualty list compiled by those watchers across space. Survivors substantiated the most minute details of the ghostly replica of the battle.

We have new stories of phantom armies now—but none stranger.



AT 3:50 A.M. on October 28, 1902, the steamship *Fort Salisbury* was churning through a moonlit sea at Lat. 5°, 31' S., Long. 4°, 42' W., when the lookout called second officer A. H. Raymer to observe a strange object.

Strange indeed it was. Dead ahead of the *Fort Salisbury* a gigantic hulk with a "scaled back" was settling slowly into the sea. As the *Fort Salis-*



## Forgotten

*There is a no-man's-land of shadow which lies at the point where the illumination of knowledge and the darkness of the unknown meet. In that twilight realm dwell the stories which were too unbeliev-*

*bury sailed slowly by, second officer Raymer estimated the length of the "thing" at 600 feet.*

While the gigantic, nightmarish object was sinking beneath the sea, something, either mechanism or fins, made a commotion in the water beside it. Then two lights gleamed briefly from the dark bulk, and it disappeared beneath the surface.

Three men—the lookout, the helmsman, and second officer Raymer—reported the whole fantastic show. They signed affidavits. The entire affair was discussed at length in the magazine *Zoologist*.

But no one ever explained. There was no record of any craft of this earth sinking in that region and a 600-foot vessel is no row boat. From the beginning, the whole affair was doomed to the limbo of the forgotten.



ON A RAIN SWEEPED afternoon in 1936, death kept Duke, a wire haired terrier from his customary post, looking out the porch window of the house of

# Mysteries

*able and yet too true. They have nowhere else to go. They are doomed to live on the margins of history, never to be wholly remembered nor wholly forgotten, to be given only occasional moments of publicity.*

his master, Charles Rauscher of Brooklyn.

There was nothing extraordinary in the passing of Duke. Nothing to indicate that, three years later, 2,500 people would stand outside of Rauscher's window, staring at a ghostly imprint of the dead dog.

But that, in actual fact, is the dénouement of the tale. For in 1939 exact images of Duke appeared on two front porch windows of the Rauscher residence. Strangely enough, the images could only be seen at night.

The tale of the ghost dog in the window spread; great crowds gathered before the house. Mrs. Rauscher had the two panes removed. They were taken to Dr. Raymond Eller Kirk, head of the department of chemistry at Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute, who stated that the images were etched in the glass.

It was a fine explanation, as explanations go, but it explained nothing. Everyone knew that there were images in the glass. But the Rauschers and their friends swore that no human hands had touched the panes.

And so, since the story violated

every known rule of the reasonable, it was sent post haste to the realm of the forgotten.



THERE IS A "legend" that witch doctors in Hawaii can walk on red hot lava flows. Dr. William Tufts Brigham, curator of the Bishop Museum of Honolulu, asked for a demonstration. He got it.

With three "kahunas," native wise ones, Dr. Brigham journeyed to a fresh flow which appeared like an almost motionless flaming river. The kahunas offered prayers, took off their shoes and invited Dr. Brigham to walk with them.

Dr. Brigham objected. Then one kahuna strode bare footed across the red hot flow which was fifty feet wide. Suddenly another kahuna pushed Dr. Brigham from behind. Out of balance, he was forced either to walk or to fall into the flaming stream.

Half way across, the soles of his boots burned off. But when he reached the far side, his feet were scarcely hot. Many times afterwards Dr. Brigham tested the heat of lava flows. Twice during his investigations he was severely burned. In the end he stated: "There was no mistake. The kahunas use a super-normal force."

Dr. Brigham is dead now. His name last appeared in *Who's Who* in 1923. His story, long ago classed as "impossible," was easily forgotten.

—R. DEWITT MILLER

*One hundred and forty million Europeans  
are restlessly waiting for the signal to  
begin their bloodthirsty counter-blitzkrieg*



## **The Volcano under Hitler**

by HANS HABE

HITLER HAS been compared to Napoleon, Nero, Ivan the Terrible, but never to those heroes of inflation who grabbed bank after bank until at last they choked in their own mammoth trusts.

Yet each conquest increases his difficulties with regard to food, organization and military occupation. A population of 79,375,281 inhabiting 182,471 square miles today lords it over a population of 152,028,036 inhabiting 767,305 square miles.

The reports I receive from the subjugated countries are only fragmentary. But they prove that Hitler's largest and best paid fifth columns in these countries or in America are insignificant compared to the spontaneous fifth column which rises in every country as soon as its capital resounds to the tramp of German boots. Con-

sider, for example, the following line-up of anti-Nazi fifth columnists—a rapidly organizing horde of Europeans who are awaiting the signal for the counter-blitzkrieg to begin:

AUSTRIA (34,060 square miles and 8,009,014 inhabitants): According to reliable information, seventy-five per cent of the Austrians were pro-German at the time of the Anschluss. German arrogance, which treated Austria as a conquered country to the disappointment of the Austrian Nazis, soon inspired the overwhelming majority of the Austrian population to burning hatred of their "German brothers." The word *Piefke* (which corresponds to the French *Boche*) is on nearly everyone's lips.

For the last two months, two



Storm Troopers have been assigned to watch every Austrian labor column of one hundred men to prevent acts of sabotage. In Giesshuebel, a village in Lower Austria, the indignation was particularly great, because the Germans exported all the crops to Germany. The Austrian peasants killed a whole detachment of Storm Troops; and even Schuschnigg, the former Austrian chancellor imprisoned in a Bavarian villa, put on a little demonstration of his own. When his wife, the former Countess Vera Fugger, gave birth to her son recently, he was named Ignaz Engelbert. Ignaz was the name of Austria's great Catholic chancellor, Dr. Ignaz Seipel; and Engelbert was the Christian name of Chancellor Dollfuss, murdered by the Nazis.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA (44,500 square miles and 13,000,000 inhabitants): This country is a perpetual center of unrest. Former German Foreign Minister Baron Constantin von Neurath has introduced a reign of terror. A man of the old school, he wants to prove that he has completely mastered the new methods. The Czechs who formerly all spoke German, have completely forgotten it since the occupation. On principle, they do not

understand German. Acts of sabotage in munitions factories, especially in the Skoda works, were so frequent that on one single day 18,000 Skoda workers were taken to Germany. Now the entire personnel is German.

More than three hundred workers of the Pilsen Brewery were sent to a concentration camp as a result of an affair that nearly cost von Neurath his life. Several hundred thousand bottles of Pilsen beer destined for the German army contained dubious ingredients and thousands of German soldiers grew seriously ill. This "beer scandal" is still being investigated.

The Jews are allowed to travel only in the trailers behind the street-cars. But on steep streets—and there are many in the old sections of Prague—the trolleys have no trailers. A few months ago, an old Jew entered a street-car. When a Storm Trooper ordered him to leave it, the other passengers threw the German out.

POLAND (74,254 square miles and 22,400,000 inhabitants): Poland is the worst treated of all the countries occupied by Hitler. Dr. Frank, the Polish *Statthalter* declared in a broadcast: "Poland is the testing ground showing how the new master race must treat its

slaves." Such is the resistance of the heroic Poles that on the average 3,000 persons are arrested daily. Polish workers receive wages forty-five per cent lower than the Germans—this forty-five per cent is deducted as the "Polish tax" imposed as a penalty for resistance.

Recently, Poles, both Jews and "Aryans," have been forbidden to enter restaurants if even one German soldier or officer happens to be in them. The Catholic churches of Kinastowski-Wrzesnia and Wawrzynowycz are closed, and the priests are in jail for "heretical sermons." From the regions of Lublin, Radom and Krakow, 10,000 Polish girls between seventeen and twenty years of age were taken to German brothels.

Polish resistance knows no fear and grows hourly. One day in February, all the employees of the Hotel de l'Europe in Warsaw were taken to a concentration camp. Unknown persons, it seemed, had installed microphones in the rooms occupied by the German government leaders, so that the Polish population might be informed in advance of their plans.

DENMARK (16,575 square miles and 3,800,000 inhabitants): The confiscation of foodstuffs in Denmark where the population had

literally bathed in butter and milk, led to the most violent reactions. There is an underground movement directed against Fritz Clausen, the Danish Quisling, but there is also an almost legal opposition gathered around the king. Clausen's newspaper began with a circulation of 140,000; today it has a press run of only 20,000 copies, while the illegal newspaper, printed on thin paper, has a circulation of 200,000.

The following true incident illustrates King Christian's position: in the treaty he concluded with the Germans in April 1940, he demanded that no swastika flag should be flown from non-German buildings. When, despite this, the Germans hoisted their flag on the Royal Palace, the king ordered its removal. The royal guards, intimidated by the German officers, did not dare to carry out the order. The king climbed on the roof of his castle and personally took the flag down.

NORWAY (124,556 square miles and 3,000,000 inhabitants): How thorough was the organization of Hitler's fifth column before the invasion of Norway can be seen from the fact that the German troops were provided with dictionaries containing the most im-

portant phrases in the Norwegian language. These most important phrases were: "Where is the safe?"—"How many crowns have you got?"—"How much money have you in foreign exchange?"—"I confiscate this money." Recently the movement for resistance published its own dictionary including the following phrases in German: "I don't know where my neighbor has gone."—"I lost my revolver."—"I have no arms in my cellar."—"My printing shop, my store, are closed."

On one single day, German newspapers reported the arrest of a Norwegian mother who had killed a German officer for having condemned her sick son to sterilization, a hunger strike in northern Norway, where 300,000 people are near starvation, an attempt to assassinate one of Quisling's adjutants and the arrest of the most important Norwegian publisher for broadcasting secret information to England.

HOLLAND (12,000 square miles and 8,728,569 inhabitants): Since the occupation in May, 1940, many Dutchmen have been sentenced to death for their magnificent resistance. Recently eighteen young Dutchmen were shot for espionage—every day something hap-

pens in Amsterdam, Rotterdam or The Hague showing that Holland's paid fifth column cannot rival the great fifth column of the heart.

Six hundred Dutchmen have died for signaling to the R.A.F. Still another six hundred young Dutchmen were sent from The Hague to Germany to be trained as good Nazis by Hitler's Elite Guards. After two months they were sent back. Instead of becoming good Nazis they implanted dark democratic ideas in the hearts of Hitler's bodyguards.

One incident involved the home of van Tonningen, one of the Dutch Quislings.

For two months Hitler's autographed picture disappeared every day from Tonningen's studio, to be found in some other part of the house. After many fruitless investigations, it was finally discovered that Tonningen's servant who had been with him for thirty years had chosen this method to express his disapproval of his master's treacherous politics.

RUMANIA (72,425 square miles and 14,000,000 inhabitants): Rumanians specialize in the blowing up of bridges and the wrecking of trains. The railroad tracks between Bucharest and the Hungarian town of Lököshaza have been

blown up three times in spite of strict surveillance. Remarkable incidents took place in the Palace Athénée, Bucharest's most elegant hotel. The three hundred employees of this hotel, down to the elevator boy, are all war veterans, mostly invalids. One morning the German officials living in the Palace Athénée rang for their breakfast—but in vain. Cursing majors and colonels in pajamas thronged the corridor and the lobby. During the night all the employees had left the hotel.

They say that a German officer who asked a lady in Bucharest's most famous café on the Calea Victoria permission to sit at her table, received the following answer: "You occupied all my country without asking, why ask if you may occupy a chair?"

SIMILAR episodes, sad and gay, catastrophic and encouraging, tragic and hopeful, could be told

of Luxemburg and Belgium, Hungary and Bulgaria, Yugoslavia, Greece and others. All show the existence of a great fifth column fighting for mankind, and they also show that actually Hitler's difficulties multiply with each country he occupies. This fifth column is not yet organized; it has brought forth no collective action. But one decisive military success on the part of England—and 140,000,000 fifth columnists will all gain heart and be transformed into fighters.

*Hans Habe is the author of Three Over the Frontier and Sixteen Days, two successful novels published in the United States. Born 30 years ago in Hungary, chief editor of the Vienna Morgen and foreign correspondent for the Prager Tagblatt, Hans Habe was one of the best informed European journalists. He visited all European capitals and interviewed most of Europe's statesmen. At the outbreak of the present war he enlisted as volunteer in the French army and went through the Belgian campaign with the 21st Infantry of Foreign Volunteers. For three months he was a German prisoner under an assumed name; he escaped and came to this country in December 1940. His new book, A Thousand Shall Fall, deals with his experiences.*

### **The Value of Eloquence**

CLARENCE DARROW was once asked by a lawyer how long a good defensive plea should last.

"At least three hours," the great Darrow replied.

"But why so long?" the less experienced man demanded, his curiosity aroused.

"Because the longer you talk, the less time your client will be in prison."—ALBERT BRANDT

*Besides the genus homo, this planet is inhabited by a variety of creatures who dig and swim and burrow. And in that vast legion who are not of our species may be found occasional geniuses, heroes, lunatics—as the following authenticated stories substantially prove.*

## **Not of Our Species**

ON APRIL 9, 1941, Yow Yow, gray tabby cat employed as a rat catcher by a Los Angeles fertilizer factory, was hard at work. While she was stalking a pair of particularly large rodents, her three newly born kittens were mewling in the cardboard box which was their home.

Yow Yow duly eliminated the pair of rats and was returning to her family when she discovered six baby rats in the nest which the parents had tried so desperately to protect. With the greatest of care, she picked up one and returned with it to her packing box. She made six trips, carrying one rat at a time.

During one trip she caught sight of a mouse. She laid down the baby rat,

pounced on the mouse, and ate it. Then she again picked up the baby rat and carried it to her box. She suckled the baby rats, cleaned and cared for them.

Perhaps Yow Yow had never accepted the concept of total war.



IN THE mist shrouded dawn "Pat," the deceased Houdini's pet parrot, picked the lock of his "escape proof" cage and flew silently into the hills.

During the first of the futile attempts to communicate with Houdini's spirit, Pat suddenly stopped his eternal monologue. After a long

silence, he spoke in a strange language. When he again began to speak English he talked less than before.

Then one dawn he picked the special lock on his cage—which only the master could have picked—and flew into the hills.



DULY CURED and discharged from the Creely Dog and Cat Hospital, Spot, a brindle bull, was taken home in the summer of 1940. Several weeks later attendants heard a dog whining at the door of the hospital. On the doorstep they found Spot holding up a front leg which had been dislocated, apparently by an automobile.

Mrs. Lucille Redlingshafer, owner of the dog, had not known he was hurt. The whole incident was carefully set down in the hospital records. What animals can do without "reason" is wonderful.



OF COURSE, this particular dog's speaking vocabulary was limited to 20 words—but even so. . . .

The dog, called "Brownie," was tested by a committee comprised of two practicing throat specialists, the secretary of the Maryland Kennel Club and a well known dog breeder. As they listened, Brownie talked in perfectly understandable English.

To the committee he said: "Hello! How are you?" To his mistress, Mrs. Hilda M. Lenhart of Baltimore, he declared: "I love you." Next he said simply "Aunt Mary," and to end the interview, "I want my mama."

The investigators agreed that the words were actually spoken by the dog. Motion pictures were taken as an added check. No one could explain.

The words were uttered slowly, a syllable at a time. Brownie didn't have a pleasant delivery. He couldn't have given a fireside chat.

*But even so. . . .*



AFTER HOURS of patient work, a chimpanzee in Lincoln Park Zoo at Chicago managed to pry loose an iron trapeze rod. Using this as a lever, he sought to force apart the bars of his cage. Lacking sufficient strength, he put his shoulder under the lower end of the rod, and grasped the sides of his cage with both hands. In this way he was able to use not only his maximum strength, but also the maximum leverage of the rod. The bars of the cage bent.

"If I had a lever long enough and a fulcrum strong enough, I, rather than my hairless relatives, might be master of this planet."

*Readers are invited to contribute to "Not of Our Species." A payment of \$5 will be made for each item accepted. Address the Coronet Workshop, Coronet Magazine, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.*





## ***Liberty's Bodyguards***

### *A Portfolio of Personalities*

by LOUIS PRYOR

GENERAL GEORGE C. MARSHALL, Chief of Staff of the U. S. Army and "All-Southern" football tackle of another era, has a habit of lapsing into gridiron argot when discussing the grimmest of all games—war. In the French collapse before the German offensive—in 1940—as Marshall put it—"the tanks made the holes, the planes ran beautiful interference and the infantry carried the ball."

Later, when problems in America's defense sent Congressional committees scurrying for opinions from experts, Gen. Marshall countered: "You wouldn't send a team against Notre Dame before it had a scrimmage, would you?"

That was in 1940. Today America is being toughened to the test on the scrimmage field of defense. Today, racing the deadlines of destiny, America's military might—Army, Navy, and air forces—is being steelled for any and every emergency.

Soldiers, sailors, pilots—officers and men—their numbers are now legion. But who are the field leaders of these forces—the "watch dogs" of America's safety? Here again, the lists are long—but, conspicuous among the many, are the seven men whose personalities are sketched within these pages.

AUGUST, 1941

### **Admiral Harold B. Stark**

One day in 1914, Lieutenant Harold R. Stark, at the helm of the U. S. Destroyer *Patterson* off the coast of Maine met Franklin D. Roosevelt, then Assistant Secretary of the Navy.

"May I relieve you for a while?" asked Mr. Roosevelt, "I am an experienced navigator, and I know this coast." Without blinking an eye, young Lieut. Stark replied: "I am in command here and responsible for this ship. I doubt your authority to supersede me. If you can offer any helpful suggestions I shall be glad to hear and discuss them with you."

Twenty-five years later, Aug. 1, 1939, Mr. Roosevelt offered a "helpful suggestion." He appointed Stark Chief of U. S. Naval Operations.

Snowy-haired, 60, studious of mien, Stark is an expert on "big guns" and believes in the finality of their decisions. In an emergency, however, he can use even worn-out tools. During the first World War he proved this, taking a patched-up flotilla of antiquated destroyers and scattering a holocaust of hell into enemy submarines in the Mediterranean.

"My position," Admiral Stark told the Senate Naval Committee, "is that we should have a navy second to none."



## Gen. George C. Marshall

A human stop-watch with an organizational mainspring and a hair-trigger military mind, blue-eyed, lean, six-foot Gen. George C. Marshall has geared his soldiering life to "beating time!"

"Time is the dominant power," holds this non-West Pointer and four star wearer in Uncle Sam's Army. "A few years ago the Army had lots of time and no money. Now we have lots of money and no time." With chief of staff Marshall, the top of each day, like the top of a bottle of milk, carries the cream. "Nobody ever has

an original idea after 3:00 p.m."

Even before the first World War, military experts were saying: "Keep your eye on George Marshall. He is the greatest military genius of America since Stonewall Jackson." Later, history watched breathlessly while Marshall—within two weeks and without an inkling to the enemy—transferred 500,000 men and equipment from St. Mihiel into the "smashingly successful" Meuse-Argonne offensive. Two years ago, history watched once more as President Roosevelt dipped a selective hand below 33 senior ranking officers and picked Marshall as next chief of staff.



## Admiral Ernest King

The United States Navy's newly-coined triple-threat "watchdog" on the east coast and now four-star Commander of the Atlantic Fleet, Ernest King has won signal honors above the sea, on the sea, and under the sea. His three-powered experience—unique in naval annals—qualifies him for submarine, air and battleship command.

Medals and glory started weighing down on King early in his career. He holds a citation for distinguished service during the first World War as well as the Navy Cross. In 1925 he won a

Distinguished Service Medal and gold star for "gaining mastery, efficient administration, and lucid decisions" in the salvaging of the sunken S-31.

Two years later he qualified as a naval aviator and, by 1933, with more than 1,000 flying hours to his credit, he had been appointed Navy's Chief of Air.

This year, when reorganization developed the three-fleet setup, King was already in command of the Atlantic Fleet. Today, as Commander of the Atlantic Fleet—speaking head of the world's mightiest navy—King leads the most vital arm of America's defense effort on the seas.

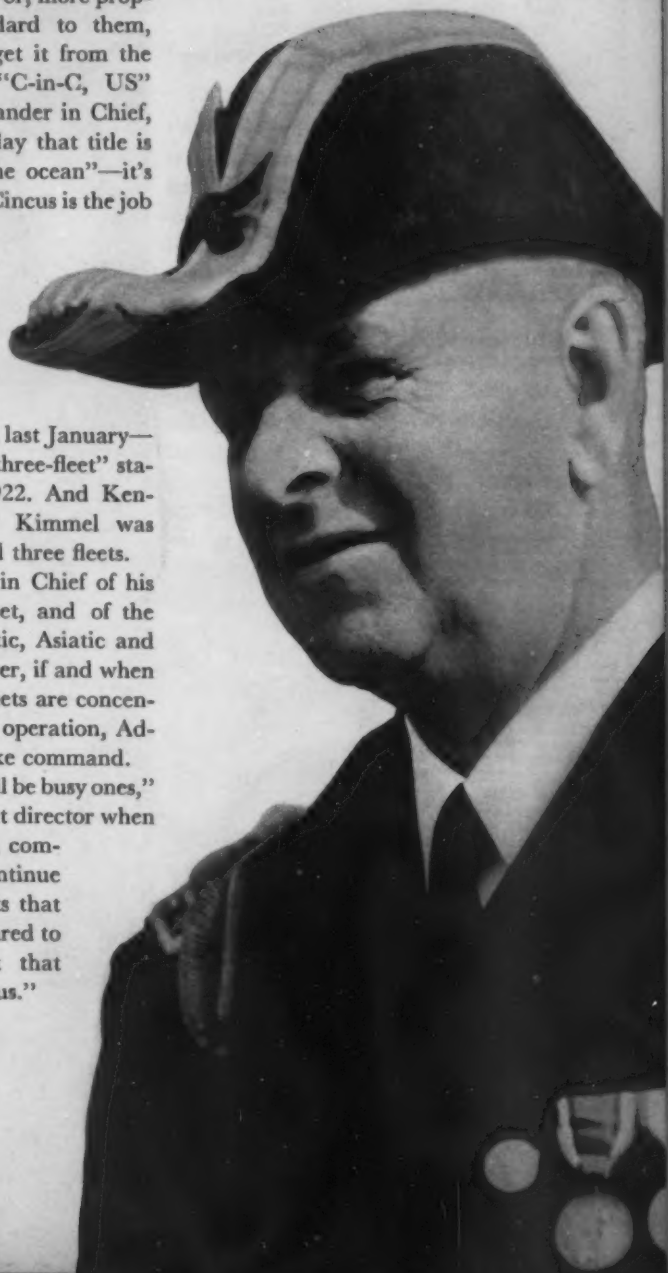


## Adm. Husband E. Kimmel

U. S. Navymen have a name for him. "Sinkus" is the word—or, more properly, "Cincus" (standard to them, slang to you). They get it from the initials of his title, "C-in-C, US" which means "Commander in Chief, U. S. Fleet." And today that title is not merely "big as the ocean"—it's as big as *three* oceans! Cincus is the job that 59-year-old Husband E. Kimmel hurdled 46 admirals to take on February 1. At that time the allocation of the Navy—as announced by Secretary Frank Knox last January—was returned to the "three-fleet" status existing before 1922. And Kentucky-born "Hubby" Kimmel was placed in charge of all three fleets.

He is Commander in Chief of his own, the Pacific Fleet, and of the training in the Atlantic, Asiatic and Pacific Fleets. Moreover, if and when two or more of the fleets are concentrated in a combined operation, Admiral Kimmel will take command.

"The days ahead will be busy ones," said the new three-fleet director when he took over his high command. "We will continue to so direct our efforts that we shall be fully prepared to accomplish any task that may be assigned to us."



## **General Hugh A. Drum**

"You can't do that, Mr. President. Hugh Drum is only 18—you can't give a commission to a boy of that age." But President McKinley, back in 1898, insistently brushed aside precedent in favor of the son of a gallant father, killed in action at San Juan Hill. 1899 found young Drum chasing Aguinaldo in the malaria-infested Philippines. 1902 watched him win his Silver Star for gallantry in Mindanao. 1914 found him indispensable to Maj. Gen. Funston at Vera Cruz.

Then, in July 1918, in the little French town of Chaumont-en-Bassigny, standing before Marshal Pétain Commander in Chief of the Armies in France, Drum heard Pershing say: "I have the honor to present to you, Monsieur le Marechal, Lieut. Col. Drum, Chief of Staff of the First American Army!"

How Drum, learning of his new appointment thus for the first time, shouldered this unexpected responsibility is recorded in the multiple-role-part he played in the strategically successful St. Mihiel and Meuse-Argonne offensives.

Since the first World War, Hugh Drum has held practically every coveted post in the Army, except one. Some day, military soothsayers predict, he will hold post Number One.





## **Admiral Thomas C. Hart**

Sixty-three years old and Commander of our Asiatic Fleet, Thomas Charles Hart has been a fighting figure in American naval embroilments for two generations—over and under the seas. When the first World War unleashed the lethal U-boat as a fighting factor in the strategy of the seas, Hart was Commander of American Submarines in the vital waters of the British Isles and the Azores.

Prior to becoming, in 1929, one of the youngest men to attain the rank of Rear Admiral, Hart served as Superintendent of the U. S. Naval Acad-

emy. Today, explosive problems of the Orient are an open book to veteran Hart.

He has been awarded the Distinguished Service Medal and has served as chairman of the General Board for several years. Called "Dad" by his fellow cadets at Annapolis because he had a baby face, Navyman Hart later lived up to the parental appellation by fathering friendly athletic relations between the two service schools—the Navy War College at Newport and the Army War College, Washington, D. C. This noted watchdog of America's defense in the Asiatic is eligible for retirement this year.



## Gen. Henry H. Arnold

Four years after Orville Wright men launched his historic box kite at Kitty Hawk, Henry H. Arnold moved from West Point into the U. S. Infantry. Later, when the U. S. Army brought its first airplane, Arnold entered the Air Corps. One of the first students of the Wright brothers, Arnold holds Pilot License No. 29. Today, the flag on the side of this pioneer pilot's plane carries the words "Chief of the Air Corps."

Among his proper assignments was that of flying the first air mail in the United States, in 1911. He was award-

ed the first Mackay Trophy in 1912 for a record-breaking speed flight, and in 1915 he won the prized trophy a second time for commanding the formation flight of 10 Martin bombers from Washington, D. C., to Fairbanks, Alaska, and return.

Now in his 35th year in Army service and holder of the Distinguished Flying Cross, Arnold, as Chief of the Air Corps and Acting Deputy Chief of Staff for Air, has committed himself to the conviction that "as we stand today our planes, type for type, are in all classes equal to, and in many cases superior to, the aircraft engaged in bitter fighting overseas."



*In the all-important business of defense in the air, the pigeon is vying for honors with both pilot and anti-aircraft gunner*



## **Pigeons in the Blitz**

by JOHN F. CURRAN

IT is a gray day with heavy, overcast skies. Somewhere in the northern portion of Occupied France, a group of Nazi airmen sit drinking wine in a cafe. They are happy; the wine has roused their spirits. They sing and boast and laugh and talk, louder perhaps than necessary.

A waitress serves them. She talks and jokes with them in their own tongue, and they like this French girl, so different from the others with whom they have come into close contact. In her there is none of the passive resistance they had come so readily to recognize in other French women.

But the girl's eyes and ears miss nothing. One of the flying officers had mentioned the weather. Another hoped it wouldn't fog up—he adds his distaste for blind flying over water. Another mentions,

*“Das Engländer Churchill,”* and all the men chuckle.

Enough had been said. The girl picks up a tray of glasses and walks slowly toward the kitchen. Hurriedly she whispers to a small boy. The boy leaves the cafe, walks slowly through the winding main street of the little village toward the open country beyond. . . .

Along a twenty-five mile strip of coastline the ground crews of German air squadrons ready their charges for a night flight. Motors are tuned, fuselages checked. It will be another large scale raid, the mechanics figure. About 1,000 planes will take part.

And in a farm house a slender boy watches a giant of a man in peasant frock pack a hastily scrawled note into a light capsule wired to the leg of a homing pigeon. Both ascend the stairs, into the

rear yard of the farmhouse. Suddenly, with a deft, upward thrust the pigeon is flung skyward. There is a soft flutter of wings. The bird makes a wide swoop, climbs higher in ever narrowing spirals.

In a London suburb, the flight of the pigeon ends. The message is removed from the capsule, the War Office is informed, land batteries, the Royal Air Force, air raid wardens, fire brigades, coastal batteries are all on the alert.

BRITAIN's Intelligence Division had long recognized the dire need of some practical communications arm, devised to meet the inevitable contingency of impaired normal channels. At present, with the exception of the short-wave radio—itself not always effective, since the use of the latter by an espionage agent to forward information is purely suicidal—the homing pigeon is England's sole link with Europe.

Prior to the Allied collapse in Flanders many birds were operating behind the lines in what was later to become occupied territory. At the evacuation of Dunkirk most of these were left behind in the care of British and French espionage agents—men and women, like the nameless waitress, who have much freedom of movement

which simplifies their efforts to gather and forward information by carrier birds.

Aside from the information carried to England on planned air assaults, the carriers have turned up with vital tips on new Nazi troop concentrations. These always result in Royal Air Force raids which quickly demolish hastily constructed air fields, dromes and ship yards.

England's big task currently is to get most of these birds back into both unoccupied and occupied territory. The job is being accomplished—slowly, of course, but in such numbers that even now it is impossible for Nazis to plan either an air or land assault without at least one bird turning up at Britain's War Office with advance information.

For a peasant to be caught in Occupied France with a pigeon in his barn or cellar is practically asking for an introduction to Hitler's hatchet man. But the French are a persistent people. Despite the undercover work of counter-espionage agents and the highly efficient Gestapo, a disconcerting number of pigeons are continually winging to London from Occupied France.

The Signal Corps of the United States Army is closely watching

the work of England's pigeon brigade. After all, the degree of efficiency England has attained with the pigeon stems directly from the systems which the United States Army introduced in World War I.

American military experts learned at least one highly important fact from the Nazi invasions of the low countries and Flanders. *The effectiveness of a lightning stroke is gained only after a patient ground work has been laid.* Through the use of the fifth column, parachutists and light mobile Panzer divisions, all communications arms are impaired, destroyed or taken over by advance units. *And to offset the consolidation of these gains, the homing pigeon, a hitherto antiquated and outmoded utility, alone had any concrete effectiveness.*

AMERICA needs no period of training in the use of the pigeon. There are, it is estimated, almost half a million persons actively following the sport. Add to this number another quarter million or so breeders, fanciers and arm chair enthusiasts and you have a formidable army of sportsmen and women forming a cross-section of population drawn out of every walk of life. Financially, the sport enjoys a yearly money turnover that runs into big figures.

There are in America two organizations catering to the pigeon racer. These are the American Racing Pigeon Union and the International Federation. Both clubs claim memberships of thousands of active pigeon racers, owners and those whose interests are purely academic. There are at least three magazines devoted exclusively to happenings connected with the sport—races, auctions and conventions. An undeterminable number of pigeon-racing sportsmen belong to no organizations at all—run their tests and races individually. It is a common practice for numerous small clubs operating within a metropolitan area to hold a gigantic race termed a "concourse." A fan can enter as many as five or ten of his best birds in such a race, thus it is sometimes possible to hold races in which several thousand birds participate for prizes ranging from \$250 to \$5,000 for a really important contest. For these races it is usually necessary to rent whole freight trains of ventilated cars to transport the birds to the scene of the take-off which may be a distance of 500 or 1,000 miles from the finish line.

The United States Bureau of Animal Husbandry maintains an experimental station at Beltsville,

Maryland, where breeding, flight tests and numerous observations of the birds are made and recorded daily. Some of these speed tests records are almost unbelievable.

There is a case of a bird that averaged 2,200 yards per minute in flight. A light tail wind aided the bird in chalking up this phenomenal record, but it remains a record which will take years to shatter. There is another case on file in which a bird flew from Chicago to the station, a distance of 580 miles, in the remarkable time of fifteen hours and forty minutes.

A distance record scored by an independent owner was made two years ago, when "Silver King," a bird owned by T. E. Cordis, a New England fancier, completed a trip of 1,689 miles, a record which may yet be broken by some feathered Lochinvar winging out of the West.

In the pigeon the United States

has a communications arm of incalculable value. Thus at Fort Myers, Fort Monmouth, Fort Hancock and other army posts where the signal corps is installed, pigeons continually filter into the service. Couple these army birds with those at Beltsville, plus the thousands of pigeon clubs, bird owners, fanciers and breeders, and America has a formidable potential war communications aid.

*Jack Curran was born 31 years ago in Jersey City, N. J. He has had a wide newspaper background and admits having worked on more newspapers "than any man has the right to boast about." He has written for the pulp magazines, is now free lancing, unmarried and lives in Pearl River, New York.*

—Suggestions for further reading:

- PIGEON RAISING  
by Alice MacLeod \$1.50  
D. Appleton-Century Co., New York
- THE BOOK OF THE PIGEON  
by Carl A. Naether \$2.50  
David McKay Company, Philadelphia
- THE A TO Z OF PIGEONS  
by Edwin Dietz \$1.50  
Item Publishing Co., Sellersville, Pa.

### ***The Queen's English***

**I**N THE Library at The Hague, there may be seen the English Bible which was presented to William and Mary at their coronation at Westminster Abbey in 1689. The title page

bears the following inscription in the Queen's own hand:

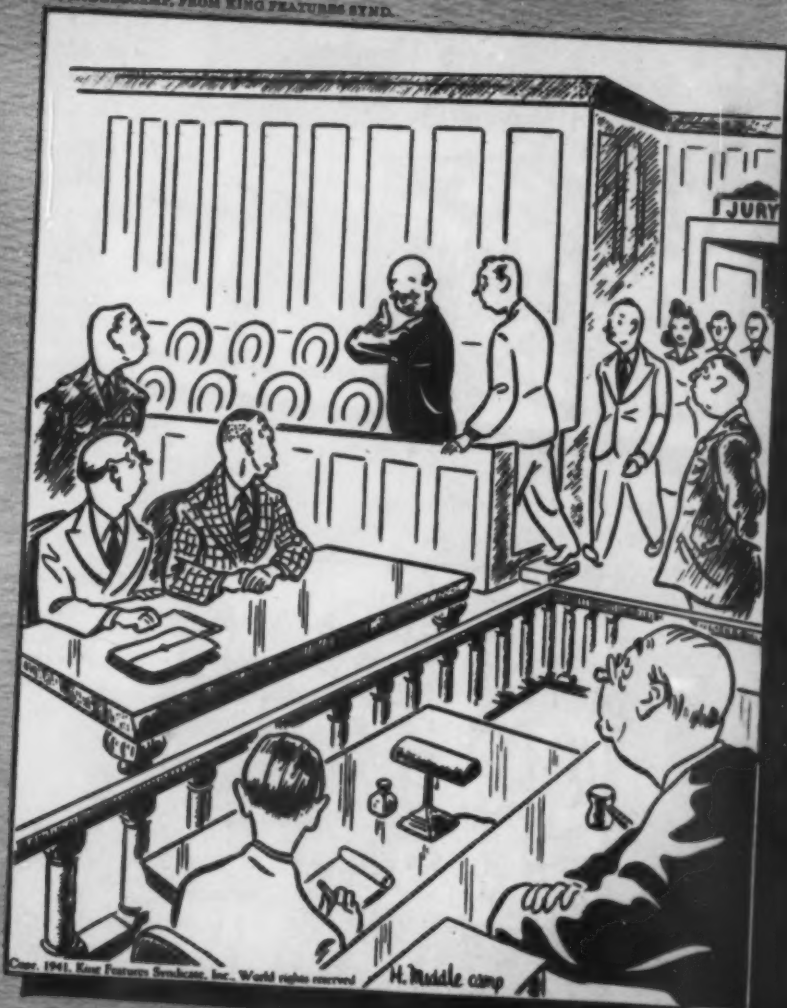
"This book was given to the King and I, at our coronation. Marie R."

—CHARLES DERRICOTT



## Echoes and Encores: A Cartoon Digest

H. MIDDLECAMP, FROM KING FEATURES SYND.



"Bing!"

BO BROWN FROM COLLIER'S



"All right! So what else do you do besides imitate birds?"

LACHLAN FIELD FROM AMERICAN MAGAZINE



"Oh, so you sent it ahead by parcel post!"

PUNNY BUSINESS FROM NRA SERVICE, INC.



"Maybe you could use us as a totem pole in the camouflage division!"

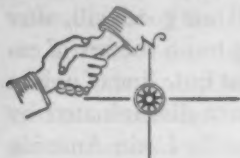
CHET SMITH FROM PUBLISHERS SYND.



Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.  
Publishers Syndicate

"I say, Caddie, I wish I knew how I was ever going to get out  
of this blooming trap!"

*The battle for Latin-American good will can never be won until we learn to like the people, says this Pulitzer Prize winner*



## **What Latin America Won't Swallow**

by OLIVER LA FARGE

PROBABLY the most important single factor toward establishing a real basis of friendship between our government and those of other American republics is the popularity of Spanish America's latest hit tunes in this country.

With office boys whistling *Cielito Lindo* and kids humming *Noche de Ronda* on their way home—a new step, and an important one, has been taken toward really *liking* the people who wrote them. And that is where our official program for better understanding is weakest.

We approach the heads of our neighboring states with formal projects of co-operation and pledges of good will. To an increasing degree we try to create understanding and friendliness between intellectual leaders North and South. But we are not doing much of any-

thing to combat the great body of hostile and contemptuous folk-lore existing among our own people about "Greasers" and "Gringos."

It is true that we are handicapped by a long record of aggression, insult and exploitation. We are handicapped, too, by the fact that these people know we are past masters at sincerely meaning our noblest protestations while acting exclusively to our own advantage. When we are sincere—and I believe we are sincere now, with the powerful reawakening of our democratic conscience—we expect to be taken at our word, and we are both grieved and annoyed when we are not.

I well remember the bewilderment and anger caused by our actions during our Nicaraguan adventure. Young men of my acquaintance from other republics



were slipping over the border to serve first with Sacasa and then with Sandino in much the same spirit that men are going now from the United States to the Eagle Squadron or the Free French ambulance service.

And in the middle of all this, we sent five Navy bombers on a "Good Will Tour." Good Lord, did the Navy, or the State Department, really think that a flight of warplanes, a series of handshakes from our mailed fist, would create good will? Or was it intended, as the Latin Americans took it, for an intimidating show of force? It aroused intense resentment, how intense I did not fully realize until I saw the glee with which they received the news that one of the bombers had crashed in the ocean near Buenos Aires and the crew been drowned.

Back of such a performance on our part lies a curious lack of sensitivity, and that perhaps springs from a failure to recognize that these people are just as intelligent, just as proud, and twice as suspicious as we are. You will find this same lack of sensitivity on the letterhead of Nelson Rockefeller's excellent Committee for Inter-American Cultural Relations. The names on the letterhead are good, but the top line reads "National

Defense Commission." Every Latin American I have talked to takes this as a stupidly frank confession that all our good will, after all, is nothing but a matter of expediency. That little line of poison is being eagerly disseminated by us to everyone in Latin America we can possibly reach.

THERE IS also a feeling among North Americans that few of the Southern republics are really democracies, that they are ruled under the "strong man" principle and that the common people can be ignored. But this is not true. Some of these republics answer to our rather rigid, Anglo-Saxon concept of democracies, but all of them are democracies in a far more fundamental sense. In the first place, the common man respects himself, is free with his opinion and is not afraid to stand up and fight if pushed too far. There is no possible comparison between the people of the most rigidly dictator-governed republic in this hemisphere and the inhabitants of a totalitarian state. Thus these governments can go only just so far. While it is true that the people of some Latin-American republics will tolerate things which we would not, this is partly because of vast differences in val-



ues, outlook, culture and economic conditions. Latin Americans are more realistic, perhaps more honest-minded than we are. They set a lower value on human life, and — this is much more important than is generally realized — on physical comfort. But every one of these governments, whether or not it allows a popular vote, must work with constant regard for those things which the common people will not stand for.

There is not a government in Latin America which would dare consider selling out its country as the governments of Rumania, Hungary, and Bulgaria have sold out theirs. In no country could a foreign power enter as the Nazis have done in Eastern Europe, without encountering the same endless, harassing resistance which we encountered in Nicaragua and which Maximilian vainly tried to overcome in Mexico.

But in the minds of most of the people, the potential invader and destroyer is the United States and not an infinitely remote country across an almost mythical ocean. So naturally Uruguay hesitates and deliberates over conceding us an airport. Nor is the situation helped by an ugly little cartoon in a Providence paper depicting Uruguay as an ignorant, ragged

impudent little peon stupidly blocking beneficent Uncle Sam in his great mission. The cartoon is an outburst, of course, of the contempt-myth among our folk. It was undoubtedly clipped by the nearest Uruguayan Consulate and forwarded to Montevideo.

THE AXIS has this all figured out. Italians and Germans have settled all over Latin America. In the main they are planters and storekeepers, whereas North Americans come down only for the big, exporting, exploiting industries such as banana raising, mining, running railroads, and oil. The Axis settlers are thrown into closer contact with their communities, and they seek that contact. The Italians pick up Spanish very easily; the Germans take great pains to do so. The average North Americans never get past a limited vocabulary and a foul accent.

While Axis governments work upon the local governments, their colonists publish newspapers, open bookstores and schools, join societies, and generally infiltrate the cultural life of the republics. At the same time the Germans carry on a direct attack upon the mind of the average man, aided by his suspicion of the United States.

With this leverage of our bad

standing, and the advantage of working dishonestly, under cover, whereas we want to work openly, the Axis governments may get somewhere. But we will get nowhere *until we like Latin Americans.*

There is no reason why we shouldn't, for we have a great deal in common. The frontier still exists down there and though ours is gone, we still remember the old days and cling to the old freedoms. Moreover, we express our likes and dislikes freely, and we don't take snoot or rudeness from any man. The other Americans are just the same, but being nearer the frontier, their resentments may come out more violently. And there is none of us, north or south, who regards anyone in this world as better than himself.

IF WE COULD really grasp all these facts, perhaps we could get somewhere. For the situation is by no means hopeless. There are tourists who make friends in the countries they visit, and come home really having learned something. There are Latin-Americans who understand our contradictions and our true intentions. There are common ties which show signs of becoming stronger. Recently, we, have set up an excellent program for the interchange of writers, art-

ists, and scientists.

But still these efforts are not yet touching the simple men who pore over the Nazi broadsides, or those of our own whose minds are poisoned monthly by the Latin-American villains of our pulp magazines. To these latter, it is the lilt of *Cielito Lindo*, the gay heartiness of *Rancho Grande*, that have first begun to penetrate their prejudices.

There is a hint there for a far broader, necessary line of education that can never be managed through diplomatic channels.

*A fellow-alumnus with President Roosevelt of both Groton and Harvard, Oliver La Farge, at the age of 25, became Assistant Professor of Ethnology at Tulane University. He remained at that post for three years and while there, in 1927, won the Pulitzer Prize for his remarkable novel of Navaho life, Laughing Boy, a popular best-seller. As a student of human relationships, La Farge is particularly well qualified to discuss for Coronet the delicate problem of Latin-American relationships. At present the President of the American Association on Indian Affairs, his latest book is an epic, As Long As the Grass Shall Grow.*

—Suggestions for further reading:

THE COMING STRUGGLE FOR LATIN

AMERICA by Carleton Beals \$3.00  
J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia

AMERICAS TO THE SOUTH

by John T. Whitaker \$2.50  
The Macmillan Company, New York

AMERICA FACES SOUTH

by T. R. Ybarra \$3.00  
Dodd, Mead & Company, Inc., New York

THE ALL-AMERICAN FRONT

Hemisphere Defense Edition  
by Duncan Aikman \$3.00  
Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc., New York

**The Game of International I. Q.** Much has been written about Nazi fifth columnists in the countries now occupied by Hitler—but little light has been shed on the men who struggle against them. Here is an actual incident, presented to you as it was to the Dutch counter-spies who worked on the case.

## The Case of the Shadowed Spy

by RICHARD WILMER ROWAN



BEFORE the invasion of the low countries, there were hundreds of German agents in Holland, thought to be disguised in Dutch military uniform. But what could be done to resist and defeat them? The Dutch counter-spies devised a test—a test of words that no German can pronounce as a Dutchman pronounces them.

In Amsterdam on the night of May 4, 1940 a pair of Dutch defense operatives were trailing a suspect.

"Come on," said one of the pair at length, "I think we'd better take him in. The chief will want to hear him say *Kachel*."

*Kachel* is a commonplace Dutch word. It means "hot stove." And yet only a Dutchman can properly pronounce the two middle consonants which form an expectorant diphthong.

The Amsterdam suspect was escorted to headquarters. At first he was sullen, but one by one test words were brought into the conversation.

Presently the counter-spies conferred with their chief who had handled the subtle interrogation. "He didn't do badly, you know," the chief began. "The fellow has had long and careful training. He's about as Dutch as they come."

"Yes, sir—as *they* come," an agent put in. "I admit—he got by *Myngas* (the Dutch word meaning "mine gas") all right. And his *Scholier* (the Dutch word for "scholar") wasn't far off . . . But what about *Kachel*?"

"Good old *Kachel*! He tried not to say it. There was hesitation there."

"There was, sir. And with *Scheeps-beschoit* (the Dutch word meaning "ship's biscuit") there was more than hesitation—there was bronchitis. How

he gagged and choked! I'm ready to swear he is not what he claims."

"I agree to hold him," the chief decided. "On suspicion, for further questioning. You two go around to his address. These Nazis work in pairs."

When the counter-espionage agents reached the address in Borneo Straat they moved more cautiously. Suddenly a man came out of the building, his hat pulled down over his face.

Without exchanging a word the two Dutch operatives decided they had better shadow the fleeing stranger.

He hastened on till he reached the Loozings-Kanaal, then took cover in shadows and doubled back. Along Celebes Straat he followed the railroad, turned left into Java Straat—changed his mind, and swung away in the opposite direction, over the bridge and along Van Swinden Straat.

With the counter-spies hanging on grimly, this suspect—whose legs were stronger than his nerves—turned right into Linnaeus Straat. Finally he wheeled abruptly and moved toward the bridge there spanning the Muider Gracht.

It was clear to the counter-spies that their man had grown aware of them and afraid of them.

Walking at a normally brisk pace, the fugitive suddenly began taking papers from his coat pockets, tearing them up and casting the fragments left and right.

"Dirk," said the senior operative, "you stop and see what it is he's

throwing away. He thinks with this breeze blowing we'll both try gathering up some of the pieces and give him his chance to disappear."

The agent, Dirk, abandoned the chase. He managed to gather about fifty pieces of the torn paper, and hurried back to headquarters with them. Sorting them, he found most were of little significance—part of a receipted bill, a few odd notes. Two fragments, though, caught his attention. And just then the phone rang. It was the other counter-spy.

"What happened, Hendrik? You didn't lose him?" asked Dirk.

"No," said the other, cheerfully. "We've got him safe, all right. But his identity papers seem in perfect order. I'll need an excuse to hold him."

"You don't need an excuse," said Dirk, "when you've got a reason."

"He threw something away?"

"By mistake, I suspect. A few scraps—but enough. He's a Nazi all right."

*On the basis of the visual evidence reproduced below—Dirk's "few scraps—but enough"—why did the Dutch counter-spy feel so sure they had detected another disguised German secret agent?*



(Solution is on page 118.)

The famous author of the *Story of Mankind* previews his own passing: a new *Coronet* auto-obituary with Van Loon illustrations



## Exit Van Loon, Smiling

by HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON

ON THE fourteenth of January of the year 1966, peacefully and in his own bed in his house in Connecticut, there died one Hendrik Willem Van Loon, eighty-four. Van Loon's death came as he celebrated not only his birthday, but also the anniversary of his citizenship.

That had happened in the year 1918 or 1919. He had forgotten the exact date. The original document, together with all his papers, had been lost when the fifth columnists had burned down his house in Old Greenwich shortly after Hitler had extended his operations against the democratic front on this side of the Atlantic

Ocean, in the year 1942.

The destruction of his home, of all his manuscripts and all his original drawings, had curiously

enough not upset him as much as had been feared. But deep resentment against Adolf Hitler had given him a new lease on life, and when preparations were made for an American

invasion of the Low Countries, he had been able to prevail upon Washington to let him accompany the expedition as civilian administrator of that Dutch territory which was to fall into the hands of the democratic armies.

Shortly after the American invasion of Holland he had ar-

*"When my wife copied (the manuscript) she wept through two hankies. I think Coronet should pay for the laundry," wrote Hendrik Willem Van Loon, in sending his auto-obituary. Born in Rotterdam in 1882, Mr. Van Loon has authored a large number of books, including The Story of Mankind and Van Loon's Geography—both best sellers. He lives in Connecticut, where he wrote Invasion, speculating about violation of our shores. The sketches reproduced herein are Mr. Van Loon's handiwork.*

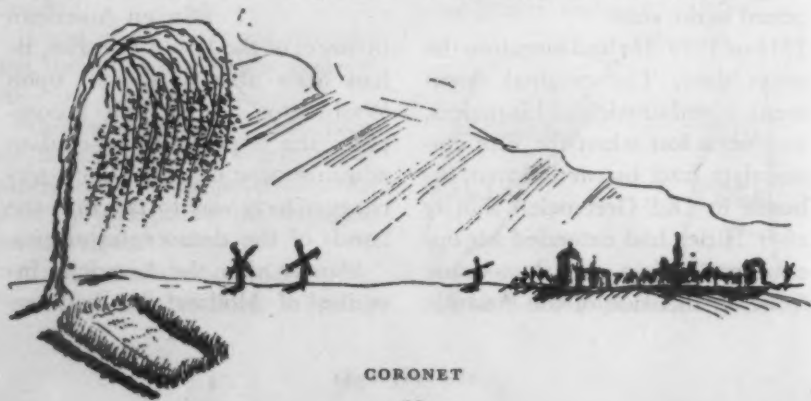
ranged with Station WRUL of Boston to send news-broadcasts in the Dutch language to the occupied territory, and in those broadcasts he had on every possible occasion warned the Dutch Quislings what fate awaited them if they should be rash enough to let themselves be caught. He himself rarely spoke about the events of that mysterious week which followed upon the arrival of the first American marines in Ymuiden and the flight of the Nazi officials from Amsterdam. He merely smiled when pressed for details.

With "they" he referred to those Hollanders who had assisted the Nazis in oppressing their own people, and as far as he was concerned, that seemed to close the chapter. Official histories of that period merely mention that during the first week after the defeat of the Germans, while the blackout regulations were still in force, between thirty and forty promi-

nent Dutchmen who had sworn the oath of allegiance to the Führer had walked into the canals, probably misguided by the darkness, and had there miserably perished as the result of submersion.

His biographers all have observed that the year 1941 was of decisive influence upon the development of Van Loon's style and also upon his general point of view, which became much more mellow and tolerant than it had ever been before. Up to that time he had always pretended to be a profound believer in the humanities, but often he had been far from "human" in his judgment upon those with whom he disagreed. As one reviewer had remarked when his book on tolerance appeared, "Van Loon detested intolerance so much that he himself had become completely intolerant."

This attitude, however, changed completely after the episodes of



CORONET



the year 1942. He never wrote another one of those popular volumes which had given him his world-wide fame (at the time of his death there were more than two hundred translations of his books in more than thirty languages). Instead he devoted himself entirely to that series of volumes which he called his "Waverley Novels," twelve books in which he re-created the whole of the history of the Low Countries more or less after the pattern laid down by him in his *Life and Times of Rembrandt van Rijn*.

RECENTLY, Van Loon had thrown some interesting light on his background, in a short and fragmentary autobiography written for a magazine. In it he wrote:

"I am no believer in all those endless biographies which are now making their appearance. The only important thing about me is the work I have done and the few ideas I was able to contribute to the general fund of those philosophies which have shaped the world of the last fifty years. I feel that there is something almost indecent about these self-exposures. That may be one of the reasons why I have never gone in for 'love stories' of any sort, although I have had my share of them. There are two or

three women who have played a very great role in my own life, but what they gave to me was a matter of such profound happiness and delicate beauty that it can never be revealed in mere words.

"I know that the public can never have enough of such details, but as I have never compromised or given the public what it wanted merely because it wanted it, it is too late to begin now. My books however are common property and I therefore owe my readers this explanation for my somewhat curious attitude towards life.

"My mother died when I was sixteen years old and thereafter I was left pretty well to my own devices. No, I never went through the usual experiences of hunger and privation which most people associate with the careers of an artist or a literary man. Our family belonged to that comfortable stratum of the upper middle class where trade and commerce were apt to graduate into the professions and where the merchant's and manufacturer's son aspired to become a lawyer or a doctor.

"All the more impressionable years of my life I spent within that small territory of the old Republic of the Netherlands where so much

of the history of the Europe of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries had been made. Almost every house, every land, every canal, every village exuded history. The prosaic, money-grubbing present did not in the least interest me. I despised it and finally came to hate it to such an extent that I escaped to America.

"I never for a moment regretted that change of surroundings for in the land of my adoption I came to discover underneath the outward layer of greed so much kindness, generosity of heart and cheerful good humor that I can never be sufficiently grateful for having made the change."

Three days after Van Loon's death, he was followed by his wife, whom all the world had for so many years known as Jimmie, that her real name, Helen Criswell, had been almost completely forgotten. They had been married for almost half a century. She had always co-operated with him in such close harmony (being the only person who could decipher his abominable handwriting) that during the last years of their lives they had almost grown into one.

"We have been happy together for so many years in life," they used to say, "we expect to be quite as happy in death." And there is every reason to suppose they are.

### Off Schedule

WHILE in a provincial town Richard Wagner attended a performance of his *Lohengrin* by a troupe of strolling players. To his surprise, the singers and orchestra were definitely above average, except for the disconcerting circumstance that the tenor, from the first time he appeared on the stage, exhibited increasing inebriation. By the end of the fourth act, when he was supposed to step into the boat drawn by the

white swan and make his exit in this manner, he was so staggeringly drunk that he missed the vehicle—the swan was pulled off stage without him.

Paying no attention to the murmurs of the audience, he pulled a watch from his pocket and turning to Elsa, his partner, he asked in the most matter-of-fact voice:

"Pardon me, madam, do you know what time the next swan leaves?"—LEWIS THOMPSON

*Havelock Ellis once said: "Dreams are real—while they last. Can we say more of life?" He stated the case well, but he was not the first to realize we all live two lives. That idea is as old as man. In your other life, the life of dreams, these true tales originated.*

## **Your Other Life**

THE THEORY which M. Letourneau, French anthropologist, was evolving is of no consequence—at least time has so judged it. But one of the cases which he reported is a queer sidelight on our other lives.

A certain Scotch property owner was in desperation because of accumulated back tithes which threatened to ruin him. Just as he was about to give up his property, he had a singular dream in which his father appeared to him and explained that he had paid the tithes and that a solicitor had the papers certifying the fact.

The solicitor, however, could not remember the case. Whereupon the Scotchman recounted an insignificant matter of changing a Portuguese gold piece which his father had related in

the dream. This at once recalled the matter to the solicitor and the papers were found.

Even in his other life a Scotchman cannot stand to be cheated.



THE REV. Doctor Charles Francis Potter, internationally known writer and minister, was much peeved when his wife awakened him in the middle of the night to recount a vivid and frightening dream.

She said: "I dreamed I saw what seemed to be a high structure. There were people hanging on the side of it, as if they were holding by their hands to the top rail of the guard fence. Many of them were in night clothes,

and they were gradually losing their hold and slipping down the inclined sides of the structure. I felt they were dropping to certain death."

Dr. Potter laughed and went back to sleep.

But other people did not laugh on that night. At the exact moment of Mrs. Potter's dream, a great shattered hulk was slipping beneath the north Atlantic. Crowded on her decks were a thousand men and women, many in night clothes.

The decks slanted ever steeper. The doomed hundreds clung to the deck railings, straining to save themselves from slipping off those sloping sides—to almost certain death.

It was the night of April 15, 1912, that Mrs. Potter experienced in her life of dreams that which was terribly real in the waking-life of others. It was on that night that the *S. S. Titanic* reached her last port of call.



THIS IS *not* a story as told by "Mr. X," about "Mr. Y," in a "certain" town, "early in the last century." It is a story which chemistry Professor James Albert May of Topeka, Kansas, told to his class in October, 1922. The night before had been foggy.

And that night Professor May had dreamed that his son's agony-twisted face had stared at him through a mass of flames, while at the same time his voice had declared: "It's your fault,

father. I am going to die, and you could have saved me. You didn't keep your word."

Disturbed, Professor May tried to remember what, if anything, he had failed to do. The only thing he could recall was that he had failed to mail a manuscript which he had sworn to send that night to the printer. But so annoying was the dream that he dressed, grumbled because his son had left the car in front of the house instead of returning it to the garage, drove to the station and mailed it.

Only after he had returned home and switched on the light in the garage, did he see his son asleep on the back seat of the car. The boy explained that he had returned home so late that he had been afraid to awaken his father. So he had decided to spend the night in the car.

Suddenly, as he was explaining, a fire truck, siren wailing, charged down the street and swung the sharp turn in front of the house, swung in the swirling fog, swung too late.

Into the curbing the truck crashed, on across the lawn, until the shivering, flaming mass of steel at last lost momentum and stopped. It lay, a searing inferno, on the exact spot where Professor May's car, with his son asleep inside, had been parked a few moments before.

*Readers are invited to contribute to "Your Other Life." A payment of \$5 will be made for each item accepted. Address the Coronet Workshop, Coronet Magazine, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.*

*When dealing with the fantastic vagaries of lightning, always remember that the sky, appropriately enough, is the limit*



## **Lunatic of the Heavens**

by HELEN FURNAS

**L**IGHTNING is screwy stuff — as capricious as a movie-star, as unpredictable as the next fall of the dice. Sometimes it is fantastically on the rampage, sometimes gently playful.

On Thursday it may kill with the deadly certainty of a machine-gun bullet. On Saturday it may merely dart about playing harmless practical jokes. The tallest tales ever invented by a charter-member of the Liars' Club grow pale beside scientifically documented evidence of lightning's antics. When you're dealing with lightning, appropriately enough, the sky's the limit.

In its *Poltergeist* mood, lightning has snatched the drink from a toper's hand, the pair of knitting needles from an old lady's, melted an earring on a young girl's ear, shaved a head of hair, whisked

away a dressmaker's scissors, unsewn a man's trousers—all without injury to any one of them. It has set electric lights burning, drawn the nails from a couch to bury them in a wooden partition, torn open bureau drawers and scattered the contents far and wide. Like a small boy on Halloween, lightning occasionally rings the doorbell and runs, leaving its impress on the bell-wires to pass along an electrical shock to the unlucky door-opener. It is fond of stopping watches and has fused the metal of a man's watch right in his pocket, with the man none the wiser until he pulled it out. It has a rowdy habit of partly or completely undressing victims, sometimes incinerating the stolen garments. It has a young puppy's passion for shoes, unlacing them, unsewing them, pulling out their

nails, tossing them far from the wearer or burning them to a crisp on his foot.

There's a kind of grim whimsy about lightning's operations. A man may be killed in his bed while his wife beside him is untouched. Cases are recorded in medical history of pregnant women struck by lightning, with the child *in utero* as the only casualty. Contrariwise, a woman has been killed outright while the child she carried in her arms went scot-free. People's skins have been burned from head to foot without their clothing being even scorched. In one curious instance a man got a bad burn on his left foot, none on his right. But his right shoe was burned off and his left shoe remained intact! Lightning goes in once in a while for odd numerology, destroying every second telegraph pole, cracking every third plate in a stack, smiting every other cow in a stable. With a touch of moral allegory it once singled out for destruction only the black sheep in a flock.

PERHAPS the most intriguing freak of all is the "lightning-figure." The reddish-brown or purple marks which lightning often leaves on human skin as painful burns or mere discolorations have

a strange habit of resembling fernfronds, coral, branches of fir trees, palm leaves or other bits of picturesque vegetation. In one case quoted in a pre-war British medical journal there appeared on the subject's skin: "a perfect map of the North American continent, all the important features being outlined with remarkable clearness." At the turn of the century speculation was rife as to whether these figures were transferred by a weird photographic process with lightning acting as lens. Camille Flammarion, the well-known French astronomer who died in 1925, declared himself convinced of the existence of certain rays emitted by lightning capable of producing distinct photographs of objects far and near. He cites a startling case where a faithful picture of the nearby landscape was found on the inside skin of a sheep struck by lightning. To bring matters a little farther up to date, there was the ardent Republican who, in 1900, hung on his walls pictures of McKinley and Hobart. When his house was struck by lightning, the two portraits were destroyed but the features of the president and his running-mate were left plainly imprinted on the wall.

With modern steel construction,



ships now rank with automobiles and railway trains among the safest places to be during an electrical storm. But in the days of the old wooden sailing vessels, shipwreck by lightning was a very real and harrowing possibility. Even after Franklin flew his famous kite and launched the lightning-rod principle, they were seldom well protected. There was, for instance, the *Moses* bound for Queenstown in 1862. In sight of Malta lightning struck her mainmast, cut down along the hold and split her clean in two. The only soul who lived to tell the tale was her captain who managed to hang on to a floating spar for seventeen hours until help came. On the *New York*, struck in the Gulf Stream in 1827, a prankish flash of lightning shivered to pieces the mirror in the ladies' cabin, leaving the frame intact, stopped all the gentlemen's watches, affected the polarity of the compasses, rendered the chronometer useless for the rest of the voyage and magnetized all the knives and forks. Many other old-timers, lost with all hands, are suspected of having piled up on the rocks because lightning had

magnetized their compasses into giving fatally false directions.

SUMMER is open season for lightning and the time to worry if you feel like it. Human beings have always felt like it. The Roman emperors, believing that the bay-tree is immune, crowned themselves with its leaves against the wrath of the heavens. At various times the beech, the mulberry, the pine, the peach, have all mistakenly been thought safe shelter. More recently timid people have retired into specially constructed glass shelters or wire cages. Cranks have devised silk umbrellas without iron ribs and clothes of India rubber.



One writer advised suspending a hammock by silken cords from the center of the parlor-ceiling. Another pinned his faith on feather-beds. A third recommended placing mattresses, pitch or glass under one's arm-chair.

The plain fact of the matter is that neither you nor your wife nor your man-servant nor your maid-servant nor your ox (although the ox is the poorest risk) is apt to be struck by lightning. According to a survey done by

the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company only about three persons in every million of the population are so struck down each year in the United States. Almost complete protection is afforded the city man by the solid steel construction of the many tall buildings acting as conductors for the community at large.

His country cousin has to give the matter more thought. To reduce fire risk, the experts say, every isolated country house should be equipped with a fool-proof lightning-rod system. A poorly installed, ill-grounded layout is likely to be worse than none, since it attracts lightning without furnishing it a safe route to earth. Hence the disrepute into which lightning-rods fell in Grandpa's day when salesmen canvassed the country selling rods by the foot—the more feet the better—installed them carelessly and left the community before trouble broke. To meet this situation the Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc. of Chicago has been sending its men all over the country since 1912 to inspect lightning equipment.

Protection of life and limb is largely a country problem too. The chief thing is never to give lightning a chance to use your body as its channel to earth and

always to avoid the immediate vicinity of channels it is likely to use, such as solitary trees, ponds, telegraph-poles, high-tension wires. The solitary walker or golfer in the wide open spaces makes an excellent target—for all the indignity of the position, he is safest flat on his stomach. Still worse off is the bather, whose wet body particularly invites trouble. The best place for an umbrella in a thunderstorm is back home in its stand where its steel frame is unlikely to tempt lightning. If a country house is struck, radiators, stoves, water pipes and other heavy metal objects catch the heaviest discharge and so should be shunned during a storm. On the same principle even taking a bath is best postponed until the fireworks subside.

But don't let it all get you down. The old adage about lightning never striking twice is probably attributable to the law of averages. As a matter of fact it is unlikely to strike even once.

—*Suggestions for further reading:*

- |                                   |        |
|-----------------------------------|--------|
| PLAYING WITH LIGHTNING            |        |
| by Dr. K. B. McEachron            | \$2.50 |
| Random House, Inc., New York      |        |
| THE AIR AND ITS MYSTERIES         |        |
| by C. M. Botley                   | \$3.00 |
| D. Appleton-Century Co., New York |        |
| THE LIGHTNING DISCHARGE           |        |
| by B. F. J. Schonland             | \$0.75 |
| Oxford University Press, New York |        |

# **Coronet's Gallery of Photographs**

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**Sun Worship**

FRITZ HENLE, FROM PUBLIX

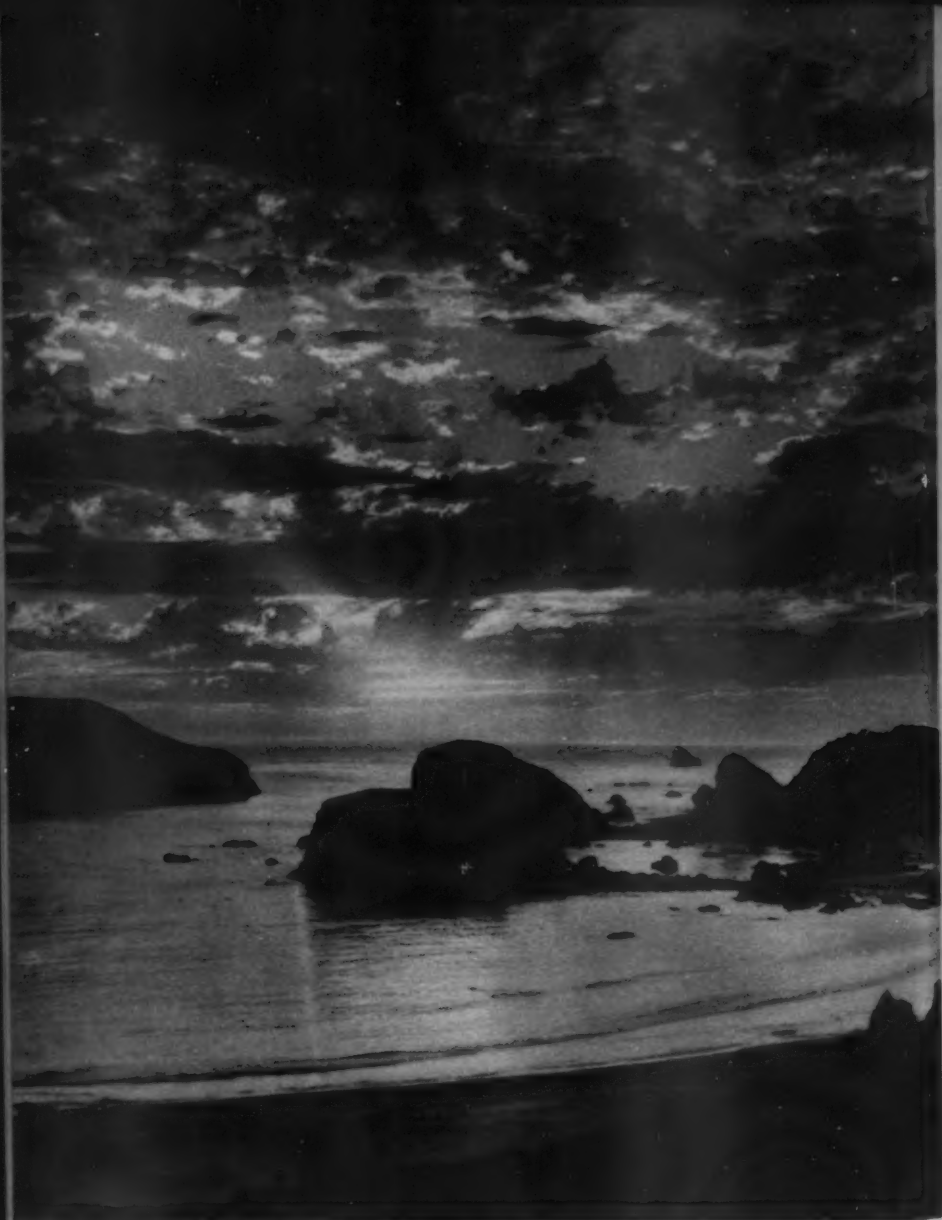
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DR. JOSEPH LORBER, CHICAGO

*To the Rescue*

AUGUST, 1941



***Westward to the Sea***

**FROM MONKMEYER**

**CORONET**

**74**





EYER

KARL OBERT, SANTA BARBARA, CALIF.

***Shadow Avenue***

AUGUST, 1941

75



***Trailing Clouds of Glory***

FRANKLIN COLLIER, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

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HERBERT MATTER, FROM VICTOR LEON

***Wind Stance***

AUGUST, 1941



***Wave Burst***

ROBERT FREEBERG, CHICAGO

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GO

HAROLD BLACKSTONE, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

***God's Frown***

AUGUST, 1941

79



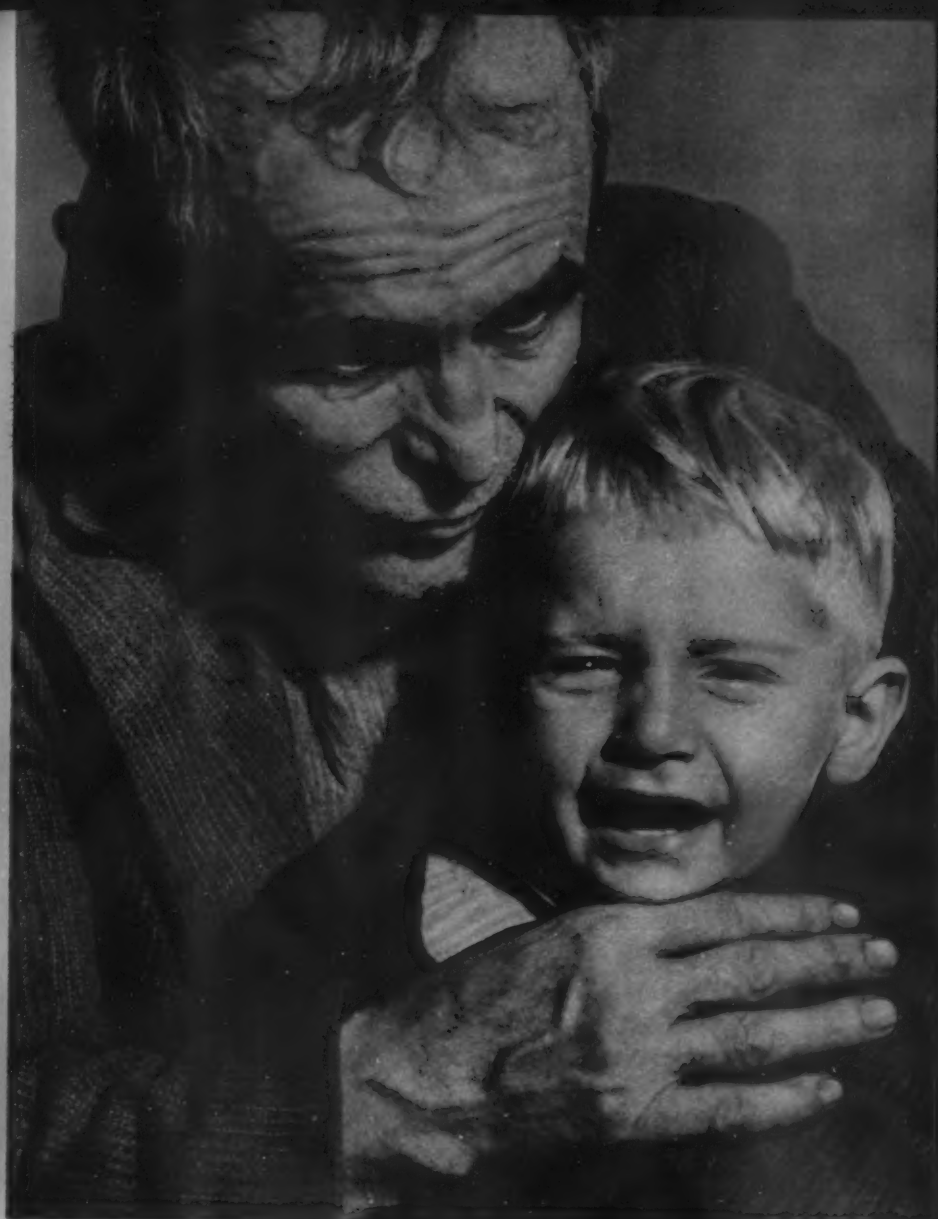
***Cowboy on the Beach***

BRASSAI, PARIS

CORONET

80





MARTIN HYMAN, PHILADELPHIA

*Anguish of Bereavement*

AUGUST, 1941



***Chicken Feed***

AMERICO GRASSO, CHICAGO

CORONET



AGO  
PUFFENMOSE, FROM MONKMEYER

*Coltense*

AUGUST, 1941



**Dryad**

**BERKÓ, BOMBAY**

**CORONET**

**84**

MBAY

GASTON, FROM VICTOR LEON

*The Light That Failed*

AUGUST, 1941

85



**Swiss Vista**

**B. FRANZIOLI, MONTREUX, SWITZERLAND**

**CORONET**

**86**





AND WILLIAM HARVEY, HOLLYWOOD

**Half-Gainer**

AUGUST, 1941



***Unreasonable Facsimile***

PAUL WALL, CH

CORONET

92



FUSCHITZKY, FROM PIX

*Swan's Brood*

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**Hot Soup**

NELSON MORRIS, FROM PUBLIX

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ELIX  
BRASSAI, PARIS

*Alpine Stock*

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**Water Walks**

PETER GOWLAND, HOLLYWOOD

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BRASSAI, PARIS

*Cumulative Effect*

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**White Collar Girl**

JOE CLARK, DETROIT

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JOHN GUTMANN, SAN FRANCISCO

*Coquette*

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***The Last One***

ANDRÉ KERTÉSZ, NEW YORK

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100



ANTE KORNIČ, ALEXANDROVA, JUGOSLAVIA

*Hope Springs Eternal*

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***La Glauconda***

MARIE & BOREL, PARIS

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102





PARIS

DR. L. G. SAUNDERS, SASKATOON, CANADA

*Door to Yesterday*

AUGUST, 1941

103



*Sufferance*

PAUL BERG, CHICAGO

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104



GO  
KENNETH HEILBRON, CHICAGO

***Rainbow Round My Shoulder***

AUGUST, 1941

105



*Flight to the West*

MEISEL, FROM MONKMEYER

CORONET

*Idleness and success are not always so far removed from one another as we might suppose. For when a person is idle, he is apt to seek "something to keep him busy." That is what happened to the heroes and heroines of the following authentic success stories.*

## **There's Money in It**

THE WEE GRAY hours of the morning were deadly wearisome for the night clerk in a Texas hotel. He cast about for something to relieve the tedium in addition to the slight diversion furnished by the few morning wake-up rings he gave residents of the hotel. Others in town might be willing to pay a small sum for reveille each morning—those who cannot bear a clock in the bedroom or who turn off their alarms in half-sleep. Now the night clerk's income is growing steadily with his call list.



RAISING AZTEC ceremonial corn was the hobby of Mrs. Ray Tillinghast of Sandusky, Ohio. One evening she wore a necklace of the kernels, which resemble agate, moonstone, chalcedony, jasper and carnelian. The next morning, two Cleveland stores asked her to make corn jewelry for them,

placing large orders. Over night her quaint hobby had turned into a profitable business.



CHAUFET, which drives only owners' cars, is the brainchild of Alan Winfield, who went to New York to go on the stage but regretfully concluded that star rating would never fall on that Alabaman. Chauffet takes ladies shopping, shows visitors the city, drives weary executives home. Its most lucrative service is to inebriates. Chauffet men take them home, put up their cars and catch whatever transportation is available back to Manhattan. Once a woman hired a driver to take her to a party upstate. She stopped frequently en route and arrived at her host's in no shape to go in. She was too noisy to be accepted by a hotel, so the chauffeur took her to his home, where his wife put the stranger up for the night.



***Flight to the West***

MEISEL, FROM MONKMEYER

CORONET



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placing large orders. Over night her quaint hobby had turned into a profitable business.



CHAUFET, which drives only owners' cars, is the brainchild of Alan Winfield, who went to New York to go on the stage but regretfully concluded that star rating would never fall on that Alabaman. Chauffet takes ladies shopping, shows visitors the city, drives weary executives home. Its most lucrative service is to inebriates. Chauffet men take them home, put up their cars and catch whatever transportation is available back to Manhattan. Once a woman hired a driver to take her to a party upstate. She stopped frequently en route and arrived at her host's in no shape to go in. She was too noisy to be accepted by a hotel, so the chauffeur took her to his home, where his wife put the stranger up for the night.

*In five magic years, Judge Alexander has transformed Toledo's juvenile court system from national eyesore to shining example*



## **Toledo's Dead-End Kids**

by KENT SAGENDORPH

**I**N OHIO, as in some thirty-one other states, a boy cannot be tried in a court for a crime. The state law says that if he is caught by the authorities burning people's houses or robbing aged pedestrians, the boy is to be charged merely with delinquency. Nor can delinquency be held against a boy if he subsequently becomes an adult crook.

Don't be afraid, though. Ohio has not thus given its juvenile underworld a legal blank check to commit any sort of nefarious deed it can get away with. A boy who commits any felony whatever *may* be certified by the juvenile court judge to the criminal court for trial as an adult. Or, if he is as old as sixteen, the juvenile court can commit him to the state reformatory. And of course any delinquent boy can be committed

to the state industrial school. Nevertheless, for some years said juvenile underworld has been getting away with plenty, especially in Toledo.

From the file of the Lucas County Juvenile Court here are a few cases selected at random: a twelve-year-old who shot his school principal with a revolver; a sixteen-year-old who set twenty-three incendiary fires and laid waste part of a residential section; a twelve-year-old who organized other boys into a gang which waylaid and outraged housewives near chain grocery stores.

There are others; thousands of them. One night a gang of young hoodlums smashed ninety-two street-lights with rocks and air-guns, just to be doing something. A boy went about one section of the city turning in false fire alarms,

which cost Toledo \$4,500, tied up traffic and endangered many lives. They caught him after his score reached thirty-eight, and turned him over to the juvenile court.

Upon this court, to a degree unparalleled in history, lies the responsibility for keeping Toledo's juvenile delinquents from becoming adult criminals. It has full authority; the law empowers it to handle the case of the budding young hoodlum any way it sees fit.

For many years prior to 1937 the Toledo court was not coping with the problem; every year the toll of damage and of vicious criminal violence by unruly boys was on the increase.

Finally, the school authorities, the YMCA, the churches and the police joined in a vociferous demand for a housecleaning. The investigation that followed hit Toledo like a bomb.

It dug down far beneath the apparent surface and dragged forth some slimy, wriggling facts. Its guns swung toward the chief probation officer, a former coal salesman who had been the judge's campaign manager. It found that a couple of process-servers, both straight political appointees, had been handling the delinquency cases with the help of a pair of

typists, while the probation officers themselves were out campaigning for the judge, serving as party hacks and loafing around the office staring at girls who had been brought in on sex-delinquency charges.

AND SO Toledo's leading citizens arose in righteous indignation. They demanded a new organization and determined to select and elect the kind of judge they wanted.

They sought a sort of four-eyed monster: a lawyer possessing integrity, intelligence, industry and independence. They combed the roster of Toledo's lawyers and finally united upon a forty-seven-year-old Harvard Law graduate who was serving as assistant prosecutor. His name was Paul W. Alexander, and he made it plain that if he was elected his staff would be appointed not for political considerations but on a merit basis after a civil service examination.

Today, in his early fifties, with well-brushed white hair and a close-clipped white mustache, Judge Alexander has just the kind of piercing gaze needed to frighten a recalcitrant defendant into a panic. In a black robe on a panelled walnut bench, in the cathe-

dral-like solemnity of a high court, he would be a personification of the majesty of the Law.

But, instead, he has transferred all the juvenile hearings to his chambers, which he had fixed up to look like a sort of study in a private home. He has dispensed with all the usual court hocus-pocus. His hearings are so informal and private he doesn't even have a clerk or stenographer present.

His first concern has been to eliminate the guess-work in diagnosing and treating juvenile delinquents. To accomplish this he has done some pioneering in social science. He transformed the juvenile detention home, which was literally a child jail, into a "Child Study Institute," staffed with four psychologists, a pediatrician and a psychiatrist, as well as the usual group workers and matrons.

Judge Alexander's pet peeve is pedantry. Although he is fully capable of understanding the jargon of his multi-initialed staff when they talk about recidivism and

schizophrenics, he has threatened to fire on sight any staff member he catches using such patter before clients.

Once he burst out in guffaws upon reading in a report that the erring boy had been born by instrument delivery. "I suppose," he remarked, "I couldn't decide the case if I didn't know that."



THE JUDGE himself acts in all cases only as final arbiter. He sees the boy only when the time for a show-down comes; whether

it's reform school or another chance to go straight. Everything up to that point has been handled by the chief probation officer and the staff. Before the boy is called in, the men who have handled Johnny Jones sit down with the Judge and discuss, across a desk, what to do. Then the boy comes in, sometimes with his parents, if any, and the Judge listens to him.

This is a crucial moment in the boy's life. To make it easier, the Judge is just as friendly as he can be. It's a problem of salesmanship, without any known par-

allel in court procedure. If he cannot get that boy's co-operation, all Society is helpless. In Judge Alexander's court, the law gets along with the child; encourages him, helps him, and needs his help in return. By adroit questioning and homely examples the boy is usually "sold" on the plan previously recommended for him. In effect, he pronounces his own sentence.

Take the case of the sixteen-year-old firebug who set the twenty-three fires. While the case record was being collected, the boy was held, not in a barred jail, but in the Child Study Institute. There he was given his regular schoolwork, played basketball and got acquainted with the staff.

Little by little, the facts came out. He hated his father who was so ambitious for the boy that whenever the boy failed to make the grade the father knocked him down, beat him with a strap and threw cold water on him. He hated everybody. Sure, he burned them houses. So what?

At this point the judge of an adult court would have said: "Guilty! Five years!" But the juvenile court judge could not do that. He knew the boy was definitely not a pyromaniac; he knew what was the trouble.

"Johnny," mused the judge, "how would you like to live in a home out on a farm? You can have a lot of fun out there; something to do beside thinking up ways to burn up people's houses. We know a couple who want to take you into their home. They will be your father and mother. They'll be good to you. They want you."

"They want *me*?" repeated the boy. "Do they know what I done?"

"Yes. They want you anyhow."

"I'll go," said the boy, finally. "Nobody's ever trusted me. If they'll let me live there, I'll be good to them."

That was four years ago, and he kept his word. He hasn't had a moment's trouble since.

JUDGE ALEXANDER and his chief probation officer, Mr. L. Wallace Hoffman, originated the Lucas County foster-home system of caring for delinquents, and of 250 delinquents who have been placed in new homes, only three have ever come back.

In the case of the boy who shot his school principal, the system saved him from a long prison term. The boy didn't know how he happened to think of it. He found a loaded revolver in his father's bureau drawer, and when the

bell rang to go to his second class he went to the principal's office instead. He commanded her to summon a twelve-year-old girl named Gracie, whom he knew. His idea, he said, was to get the principal to take Gracie and himself across the street to a drug-store and buy them an ice-cream soda. The principal declined to do as he said, so he calmly shot her. In time, she recovered.

There was a great public clamor to transfer him to the criminal courts for trial by jury, but Judge Alexander refused to relinquish jurisdiction and finally decided to give the boy a break. He put him into a foster home for several weeks, then brought him back to Toledo and transferred him to another school. Today the boy is at the top of his class at school.

Not always is Judge Alexander so lenient in handling his wayward boys. Once, to an astonished parent, he said:

"What your son needs is a good old-fashioned spanking. Since you have neglected to provide him with that example of good training, I'm going to do it right here and now."

He hasn't had any trouble with that kid since, either.

—*Suggestions for further reading:*

- YOUTH IN THE TOILS  
by Leonard V. Harrison \$1.50  
and Pryor McNeill Grant  
The Macmillan Company, New York
- WAYWARD YOUTH  
by August Aichhorn \$2.75  
The Viking Press, Inc., New York
- THE PSYCHOLOGY OF ADOLESCENCE  
by Karl C. Garrison \$3.00  
Prentice-Hall, Inc., New York
- THE YOUNG DELINQUENT  
by Cyril Burt \$5.00  
D. Appleton-Century Co., New York

### Opened by Mistake

A LETTER to Rudolf Valentino, beloved idol of flappers, was posted on the letter-rack of the studio in which he worked. A colleague opened it by mistake, saw that it contained a note from Valentino's tailor, urging payment of money long overdue, closed it again carefully and replaced it on the rack!

A few minutes later Valentino arrived. He opened the letter with carefully studied poise, and started to read it while a beatific smile spread over his face. Then, folding the letter and putting it away, he slowly wagged his head and spoke: "Silly, silly, little girl!"

—E. CASPARIUS



*A report from a strictly neutral  
observer on who is doing what in  
the realm of the very lively arts*

## **Carleton Smith's Corner**

### **Coronets:**

To Carmen Amaya, an elemental, primitive force, reminding us that there is still gypsy in us.

To Frank Lloyd for *I, James Lewis*; a stirring drama with superior direction.

To Bruno Walter for his broad, sonorous reading of Beethoven's *Eroica*. (Columbia Album 449).

To Lynn Fontanne for *The White Cliffs of Dover*: a living document of our times.

### **Ho-Hums:**

To Don Ameche for repeating himself and his teeth.

To Saroyan, whose fantasy in *The Beautiful People* belongs in a poem, not in a play.

To Gertrude Lawrence's recordings from *Lady in the Dark*, which should be kept strictly in the dark.

### **Thorns:**

To Garbo for being niggardly with her screen self.

To sprawlers who trip you up in dark movie houses.

To under-rehearsed summer symphonies which drown out more harmonious choruses of birds, crickets and frogs.

To toilet-less transcontinental buses.

### **Glossary:**

Petting: A lesson in anatomy by the Braille system.

Musicology: Everything pertaining to music except music itself.

Sally Rand: Fans across the navel.

The Lux Show: Cleanest program on the air.

The height of obscurity: Vice President of Germany.

Rhumba: A stuck phonograph record.

**Statistics Show:**

In ten years, four and one half million people have looked at New York from the top of the Empire State Building. Fewer out-door theaters are in operation this summer.

Most Washington desks have five or more phones; F.D.R.'s has only one. An inferior race will always outbreed a superior one.

Pan-American's East-bound *Orient Express* leaves Wake Island at six Sunday morning and arrives at Midway Island at four on Saturday, the day before.

A fly hatched in May could have five million descendants by Labor Day. Grace Moore has had the longest succession of artistic flops in history. There are more blue-eyed than brown-eyed girls, more brown-eyed than blue-eyed men.

**So They Say:**

Japanese editorial: "Who would want to conquer the democracies? They won't work more than forty hours a week for anybody."

Charlie Chaplin: "Only the unloved hate."

Hitler: "It is universally known that a nation cannot be saved by prayer."

Oscar Wilde: "Vulgarity is simply the conduct of other people."

**Strictly Incidental:**

Kirsten Flagstad may not be able to return from Norway.

Jack Benny has been offered a radio contract for 1943.

You can now travel to Panama by auto.

Several million Americans are going into the Army without a thought of making provision for their property. Paramount is producing a film on the life of Texas Guinan.

Washington's overflow visitors now sleep in stationary Pullmans.

Restaurant pickets recently went on strike against their own union, demanding a fifty cent daily increase. Jack Dempsey's Broadway restaurant was originally named Jack Dempsey's Punch Bowl. It had to be rechristened because tourists thought it was a gymnasium.

Gary Crosby, Bing's seven-year-old, will play his father's son in *The Birth of the Blues*.

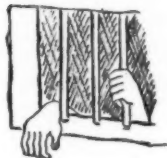
New York Times Book Item: "*Pocket Books* has added a Pocket Bible that adheres pretty closely to the original." Vincent Lopez's *Predictions* contains a chapter: "Why the Human Body is like a radio set."

While conducting, Raymond Scott takes candid shots of dancers.

Brenda Marshall doesn't send out written invitations to parties. She sends home-recorded phonograph records instead.

Priscilla Lane is starting a new fad. She has costume jewelry in every letter of the alphabet and wears the initials of her escort of the evening. The hardest job of the winter was to get the Italians in the Metropolitan Opera chorus to do the Greek gestures in *Alceste*.

*Talk is forbidden in the Eichstädt fortress,  
but they still whisper praises for Anna, who  
dared what few women would do: a short story*



## **Anna's Gift**

by GEORGE SUMNER ALBEE

THERE WERE two of them in the small stone cell—little Hans and big Eric. Their crimes were great. Eric's crime was that he believed too much money made a man unhappy. Hans's crime, more serious still, was that his mother had been a Jewess.

"It is!" cried Eric. He was so startled that he let go his hold of the window bars. His heavy prison boots struck the stone floor with a thump.

"What is?" asked Hans dreamily, watching the water-stain on the wall change into a face, a mountain, a lace shawl.

"A girl! In the laundry!"

"It can't be."

It couldn't be, but it was! Sure enough, Hans saw, scrambling up into the niche, there was a woman in the building opposite, behind the last barred window on the

right. She was not a girl. Eric had been wrong there—or maybe she looked like a girl to Eric. She was a big-shouldered woman, broad in the hips, with a red face and a coiled braid of light hair. Hans's mother had once hired a cook who looked like her, when Hans had a mother and a home. The Chief Warden was having her come in to do his laundry. Her strong arms thrust up and down, up and down in a tub.

THERE WERE six hundred men in the Eichstädt fortress. Talk was forbidden at the noon meal but there was no need of it. Judging from the excitement everyone had either seen the woman or been told of her. Talk burst out during the four o'clock exercise period in the dank courtyard: "Who is she? Does anybody know her

name? Do you think she'll come again? What color was her hair?"

The woman came every Tuesday morning after that to do the Warden's washing. She came at eight o'clock. Either Hans or Eric was in the window by seven-thirty, peering out as the other prisoners clambered silently into their high niches. They had no watch, so whoever was not at the window counted his pulse. When he came to 500 he said, "Time," and they changed places.

Eric, in a way, had been right after all, for although she was not a girl she was as lovely as a girl. She was very beautiful. Her forearms as they came up from the soapy water, catching the light, were as white and firm as—as—Hans could not think of a fitting word. At her tub in the slant of silvery winter sunlight she reminded him of an old Flemish painting in his grandmother's house.

Everyone began to write letters to the woman the second time she came. Some of the men pretended they weren't writing, but the others took their letters out of their uniform pockets unashamed and read them aloud anxiously, asking: "Does it sound all right to you?" The letters enquired what her name was, where she lived, where she had been born, whether

she could come any oftener.

But a problem presented itself. "It's all very fine to write," said a strapping farmer who was doing eight years for mauling the entire squad of a food confiscation patrol, "but how are we going to get them to her?"

A youngster from Bremerhaven, a sailor, volunteered to do it. He was warned that it might mean another "attempted escape" and a burst of machine-gun bullets in his back, but he smiled. He was no fool. He had a plan. He mopped the floor in the laundry. Tuesday morning, before she came in, he would drop the letters into her tub—everybody's letters. The tub had a wooden cover which would keep them from being seen.

Eric had the first turn at the window that morning. He nodded down to Hans the moment he caught sight of her. "She's there!"

"Tell me," Hans hissed. "Tell me, damn it!"

"She's got 'em, I think. She must have. She's standing back from the window. She's afraid. I think she's got 'em."

They changed places then. Before the next 500 could be counted the woman had her tub full and her suds made. They were almost certain she had the letters. They watched by turns, hardly breathing.

"She has them!" Hans finally reported rapturously, sliding hurriedly down from the window. "She came to the bars and smiled. She looked all along the buildings and then up and down. She smiled at all of us!"

THE WOMAN found new letters in her tub the Tuesday after that. Again she sent her smile traveling slowly along the walls. She even remembered to smile in the direction of the solitary-confinement cells that were half buried underground. She spelt out her name with her own fingers. It was Anna.

The Tuesday following, when she finished her wash and came to the window, Anna crumpled suddenly and leaned against the bars. Her head fell.

"She's crying," Hans whispered, horrified. "She keeps shaking her head; I can see it moving. She can't stand it."

Eric doubled his big fist and struck Hans's leg where it hung down from the window. He groaned. "We've got to stop writing. We're making her unhappy. She's sorry for us. You! You're supposed to be so goddamed intellectual! Why didn't you think of this? You're supposed to think of things!"

Hans reported, "She's signal-

ing. She's holding up one finger. Now she's moving her head up and down, saying Yes. She's pointing at herself. Me. Now she's pointing at us. One—me—you."

"She means we're getting her into trouble. We've got to stop writing, I tell you!" Eric almost shouted.

"No; that isn't it. One—me—you; she's doing it again. I think she's going to do something for us next week."

There were fierce arguments in whispers all during the exercise period. In the end everyone agreed that was what Anna had meant. She had made a promise. She was going to do something for them, or bring them something.

When Tuesday came Hans and Eric were closer to a quarrel than they had been during the four years they had shared a cell.

But they need not have risked a quarrel, for Anna knew they would be taking turns. She made sure her gift would reach everybody. She did everything very slowly.

They watched.

SHE DID not go to her tub at all, this morning. She came straight to the bars instead, where the sun was full on her. They saw

her pull a bench or a table nearer the window. Then she sat on it and slowly, slowly lifted her hands and shook her head and let her long, sparkling hair tumble down. Eric, taking his turn at the window, gripped the bars and pressed his face against them . . . She took out a comb—it was a brown celluloid comb—and sat there and combed her hair, parting it in the middle and letting half of it fall down over either shoulder. Such hair! So long!

And that was not all. After a long while she stooped and lifted something, smiling gently—oh, so beautifully! And the next instant there was a baby in her arms! Anna kissed it tenderly, rubbing her nose against its nose and laughing and playing with it as only a

mother can. Minutes went by. Finally she unfastened her dress. It had buttons down the front. She opened it at the throat and pulled it down on one side. Then she sat quietly in the window behind the bars and nursed the baby, swaying slowly back and forth, singing a lullaby. They could almost hear it.

Eric sat on the plank bed and cried. Hans walked to the water-stain on the wall and laid his cheek against it, closing his eyes.

Then Anna did not come again.

The guards made no secret of what they did to her. The charge for Anna was "sexual exhibitionism."

They put the cold, black muzzle of a pistol against the back of her golden head and shot her for it.

### ***Solution to Spy Case on Pages 59-60***

The two small pieces of paper show parts of four Dutch words—of the four test words which figured in the dialogue of this case.

Only two types of individuals might want a record of these words: a Dutch counter-spy or a German spy training to work against the Dutch. Since the Dutch know the intricacies of their own language, there is

little excuse for associating possession of the typed list with a Netherlander. Moreover, there is an important secondary clue—the owner of this torn-up test list had made a pencil note (gh) beneath the hazardous "g" of "Mÿngas." No Dutchman need do that. This blunder seems convincing proof that the fugitive was a German fifth-columnist.



*One hundred thousand refugees in America  
are lending proof every day to the old theory  
that adversity helps to strengthen the soul*



## **A Crust of Bread, and Liberty**

by MARTIN GRAHAM

**I**F YOU are a watchful walker in New York's main streets, you can pick out the refugees by their oddly tailored suits. The women you know by their funny shoes.

These men and women are the jobless, rootless, moneyless European intellectuals, white-collar people. They have learned how to live on fifty dollars a month in a town notorious the world over for its high costs. And they live on it decently.

There goes Dr. Franz Gebhart (for obvious reasons we shall use fictitious names in this article) on Fifth Avenue. He is one of the 2,544 refugee physicians. He'll have his lunch presently in a self-service cafeteria. He'll have two portions of boiled rice (ten cents), one portion green peas (five cents), all mixed up with plenty of free tomato ketchup; toast or dinner

rolls or bread and butter (five cents), and a cup of coffee (five cents). A perfect meal for a quarter, says the doctor.

He was a surgeon back in Vienna. A vast and prosperous practice permitted him to operate gratis on the poor. He had his offices and a six-room apartment on the fashionable Kärtnerstrasse; he employed two assisting nurses and three servants.

Now, at forty-five, he has had to start life anew, having landed in Manhattan with a quarter in his pocket, the price of one modest cafeteria luncheon. For a few days he managed on a pair of cuff links. Then he set out to try to live decently on his "income," which is less than fifty a month. Eight dollars a week comes from one of the refugee committees, fifteen a month from a Park Ave-

nue physician who knew Dr. Gebhart in Vienna.

A newcomer must pay the price of learning the ways of a strange city. The doctor began by taking a furnished room in the West Eighties for six dollars a week, but soon moved to a four-fifty room in the same building. Electricity included.

It is smaller and more plainly furnished than his old room, but cozier. It is at the back, but then he prefers the quiet. The doctor is happy in his little domain.

Near the window is a fine old rocking-chair worn to comfort by many predecessors; he has only to stretch out a hand to the shelf for one of the few torn medical books that he has picked up for a song in second-hand bookstores; with the same motion he can turn the button of his radio, bought for two dollars at a pawnshop.

The landlady thinks the world of the doctor: he makes his own bed. It's his concentration-camp education. He used to feel the rubber truncheon if there was a wrinkle on the solitary horse-blanket covering his miserable straw tick.

DR. GEBHART was introduced to cafeterias by the dean of Viennese journalists, the famous Jo-

hann Richter, one of the greatest living Austrian authors and essayists. Richter came here a year before the doctor did, and so knew all the ropes. He is seventy years old. Accustomed to the life of grand seigneurs, he bears his exile bravely and with resolution.

The doctor, remembering Richter as a heavy smoker in his Vienna days, wondered by what superhuman efforts he could have surrendered his passion.

"The point is that cigarettes are not vital," answered Richter. "The problem today for us exiles is whether we can survive on the kindly alms we get. If you have no passions you can live on fifty dollars a month. We have to hold our own, keep our minds alert, body and soul together for any task that lies ahead of us in the midst of the world cataclysm. We are very fortunate to be here, and we simply must manage. But caviar and smoking are above the subsistence level, so I have given them up. We need vitamins."

TO PEOPLE with huge appetites for life and food this existence and nourishment may seem scanty. But it is not. It does require will-power to live it. But these highly educated people have inner resources that can lend interest to

the most Spartan life.

The main thing is that they are free in a warless country. Those who have decided to stay and melt in the melting pot—and the majority have—are happy, lofty in spirit, and a valuable asset to their new homeland.

Many of these people live on Washington Heights, ten to fourteen people renting a seven-room modern apartment. In one of these community apartments lives a former German university professor who encourages his flat-mates with Buddhist philosophy. The bedridden wife of a famous Austrian international lawyer runs the kitchen from her pillows. An industrialist from Denmark, formerly very rich, makes cheap cigarettes for the commonwealth on a little machine. A German pastor and his wife who speak good English give lessons to those who are struggling with the language.

Then there is Heinz Lischke, formerly a well-known and highly successful concert pianist in Berlin. He has been here two years and some months, and not once has he taken a penny of refugee money for living expenses. He prefers to earn his livelihood by playing the piano, one dollar per hour, at rehearsals for aspiring chorus-girls and he is lucky if he gets

twelve hours a week. Luise Lischke thinks she is fooling her husband when she adds seven or eight dollars a week to his income by doing hemstitching at home.

The Lischkes live on the outskirts of Greenwich Village in an old house on a busy street. Luise has made it one of the most cheerful homes of this category in town. Soon after they arrived she bought old furniture and painted the pieces in gay colors. A second-hand built-up innerspring mattress cost three dollars. When the baby came, Lischke built a screen to serve as a separating wall for the nursery.

MANY OF the white-collar refugees don't know where their next meal is coming from. Most of them are too proud to accept help.

So was a certain Polish professor of economy, who is a prince besides. Two weeks after he came to this country he advertised in the papers that he was willing to take any kind of job. In a few days he was busy as a gardener. "At least I can go to a concert after doffing my overalls," he says.

But this is a fortunate case; usually a would-be employer looks at white, uncalled hands with a disapproving eye. In general, the white-collar refugees fare very

badly in New York, trying to get a job either in their own professional spheres or at manual labor. But they are not altogether idle, for not wasting money is hard work.

And so is not borrowing it.

Dr. Gebhart went to his grocer's one night. Picking up a jar of jam, he asked: "How much for this?"

The grocer named the price. When he saw that Dr. Gebhart was short of change, even before the doctor could speak, he said:

"If you haven't enough money on you, you can pay for it tomorrow. We know you, Mister."

The doctor slowly put the jar

of jam back on the shelf with the peculiar pang in his heart that a small boy feels when he wants a delicacy and can't have it.

"No, thank you. I don't take credit," he said quietly.

He knows that if he did the spell would be broken. He could never again live on fifty a month.

—*Suggestions for further reading:*

FROM MANY LANDS  
by Louis Adamic \$3.50  
Harper & Brothers, New York

QUEST  
by George Dibbern \$3.00  
W. W. Norton & Co., Inc., New York

I AM AN AMERICAN  
Edited by Robert Spiers Benjamin \$1.75  
Alliance Book Corp., New York

## Georges Schreiber



When the twenty-five-year-old Georges Schreiber came to the United States from his native Belgium ten years ago, he was so grateful for the opportunities offered him in this country that he traveled into each of the forty-eight states to put down on canvas his first impressions. *Mississippi Moon* is his whimsical record of the luminous spell of the South. Of all the paintings on the walls at his first exhibition here, this canvas most delighted the crowds of visitors. Critics have heaped compliments on his other works.

## Thomas Hart Benton

His two-fisted attitude toward freedom for the arts and artists has won for Thomas Hart Benton the tag "a child of controversy." His career has been the most dramatic in American art. Painter, muralist and anthropologist, he demonstrates in *The Fence Mender* (see reverse side of gatefold) his keen interest in lithography and composition.





COURTESY OF ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS GALLERIES, NEW YORK





**Mississippi Moon by Georges Schreiber**



***The Fence Mender by Thomas Hart Benton***



ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS GALLERIES, NEW YORK



*There'll always be those ready to parade  
to the land of apple-pie-in-the-sky—at least  
until our own house is in apple-pie order*



## **Aftermath in Louisiana**

by HOWARD WHITMAN

SOME PEOPLE think America is immune to dictatorship. They think dictators are for far-away places like Russia, warlike places like Germany and muddled places like Italy. Such thinking is incorrect and dangerous, like a man skiing in his underpants and shouting that he can't catch pneumonia.

For America has already known dictatorship once—in the state of Louisiana from 1928 to 1935. In the latter year Huey P. Long was assassinated.

It has taken a long time for the smoke to clear away, for only in 1940 were Huey Long's political heirs turned out of office. But now, with Louisiana in the fold of democracy once more, a great deal can be learned from a sharp look inside America's only dictatorship. Can it happen again? What made it tick? How can you stop it?

Yes, it can happen again. Back in the red-clay Louisiana hinterland, where they produce 95,000,000 barrels of oil and about ten good hillbilly songs a year, there are lots of solid American folk who think dictatorship is fine. Many of them, in their sagging shacks, have two pictures hanging on the walls: one a picture of Jesus, the other of Huey Long.

Kingfish of the Louisiana Lodge, who rocked America with laughter and shocked it into fear with a dictatorship that was at once opera bouffe and terrifying.

These hillfolks who still love Huey are good, solid Americans—salt of the earth. They took Huey to their hearts only because democracy did 'em wrong. When Huey first whispered, and then shouted, "Every Man a King" into their ears, it was against the

background of Old South feudalism. Louisiana was a welter of corruption. The whole state was the private preserve of privileged gentlemen who preferred Ramos gin fizzes to social reforms. Half of Louisiana was in the vest pocket of the Standard Oil Company and the other half in the palm of an aristocracy that wouldn't let itself go with the wind.

That's why the poor folks loved Huey. Having no wealth of their own, they thought Sharing the Wealth was a rip-snortin' idea.

"Huey Long was the onlyest friend the poor man ever had!" That's the password into the red-clay lands of the pot likker. You hear it echoed up and down the countryside by whiskered farmers, wrinkled women and grimy workers in the oil fields.

"Huey gave us free bridges. Huey gave us good roads. Huey gave us free hospitals. Huey gave our children free schoolbooks. He cut down the taxes on our homesteads. Huey promised to give us each \$5,000, an automobile, a radio and an income of \$2,500-a-year for always. Huey—if he had lived—would have made every man a king, just like he wrote in that there book of his'n!"

Huey's technique wasn't new. Hitler, too, gave the people fine

roads, and he promised each of them a Volksauto, and he augured a great destiny for the common man in that there book of his'n.

IN AMERICA, these people have got to be shown. Unless democracy makes them happy, they'll cling to the coat tails of the first panacea peddler who comes along. All the logic in the world won't deter them. Their eyes are purblind to the shattering of civil liberties, and even the crushing task in the wake of Louisiana's dictatorship doesn't convince them.

Any three-card monte artist will tell you that good, simple, honest people make the best suckers. And this is the first chapter in a dictator's primer. It was one of the main reasons why dictatorship ticked in America. Huey Long found out that the people, unhappily, will believe most anything.

They still think that Huey gave them 3,000 miles of roads on a silver platter. They think he pulled an \$8,000,000 charity hospital out of a hat, and that tax exemption and free schoolbooks were wafted upon them with a wand. Actually, in the wake of its dictatorship, Louisiana is saddled with a debt of \$179,473,020 and a deficit of

\$7,000,000. The whole state is going to pay through the nose for the next quarter of a century for the wonderous things on Huey's silver platter.

In the wake, too, is a network of unfinished roads. For the Kingfish had a habit of building roads from either end to make an impression on the townsfolk at the termini, and he often left a slough of mud in the middle for posterity. One example is his super highway from Alexandria to Natchitoches, a distance of around sixty-one or two miles. Amid public panegyrics, Huey paved northward out of Alexandria. Amid heroic hymnals he paved southward out of Natchitoches.

He left a ten-and-a-half mile hogwash in the middle.

The dictatorship of the Kingfish operated on the theory that the people wouldn't feel it if you socked them in the right places. Huey freed them of homestead taxes and lowered the cost of their gas and electricity. He attacked "the big interests" from every stump in Louisiana. Then his push-button legislature knocked Joe

Public for a camouflaged loop with state sales tax, occupational tax, an eight-cent gasoline tax, a twenty-cent oil tax, a state income tax, soft drink tax, tobacco tax, cigarette tax, canned milk tax, meat tax, liquor tax and a tax against retailers for dozens of

various items on their shelves.

As far as the masses were concerned, that's how the Kingfish's dictatorship gathered momentum. He lied well and he lied often, and the people believed.

And then, with the masses safely in the bag, the big putsch was on. Huey Long was quick to learn that Democracy, if you play it right, can be a veritable shoot-the-chutes to Dictatorship. For instance, there was the matter of ballots.

Huey revived an old law from carpetbagger days providing that election officials could require any voter to explain clauses selected at random from the State Constitution.

When anti-Long voters went to the polls, Huey's handpicked election officials went to work on them with the State Constitution.





Many were the Phi Beta Kappas and \$25,000-a-year corporation lawyers who couldn't explain the clauses satisfactorily. Huey's third-grade Jeeter Lesters told them, "You ain't got it right, neighbor. You don't git no ballot."

ORATORY and practical politics had their roles, too. Huey discovered early in his rostrum career that the common people, whom he loudly loved, and to whom he quietly referred as "The Great Unwashed," liked a good show better than good reasoning. He knew they liked clowning, too, and he remembered that—even in Germany—they laughed when Hitler sat down at the piano.

When Huey wanted the Ku Klux Klan vote, he forged a certificate of membership in the Klan, went to a few secret meetings and made passionate pro-Klan speeches. Then he stormed down into the Catholic purlieu of New Orleans like an aggrieved Gala-had and branded the Klan membership certificate a false, vicious frameup. And so those who loved the Klan and those who hated the Klan marched to the polls and voted for Huey Long.

In addition to these devices there was always the ace in the hole—terror. The people who saw

through Huey's gold-brick Utopia, the lovers of democracy, the haters of dictatorship, were kept in a constant state of fear and trembling.

If a man didn't own property and couldn't be taxed into submission, Huey's henchmen could always see to it that he lost his job or was accidentally clouted over the head as he strolled down a dark street. He even enlarged the State Highway Police into his own private Gestapo and made it legal to arrest a man and hold him incommunicado without any charge.

Blackmail was perhaps the most potent of the terror weapons. Huey maintained a highly paid staff of spies and snoopers. Their sole job was to "get something" on everyone who dared to oppose the dictator. When they couldn't get anything, Huey made up something. Once he went on the radio and shouted that the deceased father of one of his opponents was a "drunken sot." He bellowed that another of his opponents "had a strain of colored blood." He cried that another "had a flock of colored children all over the state."

To hold the whip over the thousands of state job holders Huey had another little trick. They had to sign out on the way in. Huey

demanding a signed, but undated, resignation from every one of them. Then if a man became obstreperous, Huey merely dragged out the signed resignation and put a date on it. Once, when a Justice of the state supreme court handed down a decision which Huey didn't like, he whipped out the signed resignation of the justice's son-in-law, a state job-holder. He dated it and dispatched a telegram to the son-in-law expressing official regrets that the poor devil had resigned.

So it was that the Kingfish reared his dictatorship. You see how it worked. And you wonder—if that's the formula, what's the antidote? How can America gird itself to prevent it from happening here, again?

THE PEOPLE themselves are the first line of defense. In Louisiana, the new governor, Sam Houston Jones, has the job of showing the people that democracy can do right by them. He has the job of convincing those Huey Long worshippers of the backwoods that they are only dupes and suckers for the fuchrer who cries, "Every Man a King!" All over America, democracy must deliver the goods. For wherever there develops a slough of corruption and special

privilege such as existed in pre-Long Louisiana, there also will there be hordes of marchers for the parade of dictatorship.

Right now, the people are fighting against dictatorship outside our borders. The fight on the inside is bound to follow—perhaps after the war, perhaps after Roosevelt, perhaps in the economic aftermath of national defense when the wheels slow down and a cry of Ham and Eggs, of Social Justice, or Share the Wealth again smites the nation's eardrums.

If the people succumb, the second line of defense must be the individual champions of democracy. Leaders of hundreds of communities must stop the juggernaut before it gets going. Louisiana gives us the example of T. Semmes Walmsley, former Mayor of New Orleans, and probably Huey Long's worst enemy. Huey's henchmen called him "Old Turkey Head Walmsley," but beneath that derisive appellation they feared him because they knew that "Old Turkey Head" couldn't be beaten down, couldn't be bought off, and couldn't be terrorized.

Though Huey's private army put New Orleans under martial law, and though Huey's Gestapo ran hogwild through the streets, and though the city's tax funds

were cut off for two years, and though Huey even tried to stench the town into submission by stopping its garbage collection—in spite of all this, Mayor Walmsley held out to the last.

America needs lots of Walmsleys. For, after the Walmsleys there is but one line of defense remaining. As one of Louisiana's stalwarts bluntly put it, "When everything else fails, you've got to git out and shoot the dictator!"

A brooding little doctor, Carl Austin Weiss, put the quietus on Huey Long. Would it have been better if someone had done the same in Italy — after Mussolini made the trains run on time, but

before he filled them with troops? And would it have been better if someone had done the same in Germany—after Hitler built the Autobahnen, but before he used them for the rape of his neighbors?

You answer the question.

—Suggestions for further reading:

LEST FREEDOM FAIL  
by N. A. Smyth \$1.75  
Dood, Mead & Company, Inc., New York

THE MARCH OF FASCISM  
by H. S. Raushenbush \$3.00  
Yale University Press, New Haven, Conn.

JUGGERNAUT, THE PATH OF DICTATORSHIP  
by Albert Carr \$3.00  
The Viking Press, Inc., New York

EVERY MAN A KING  
by Huey P. Long \$1.00  
National Book Company, New Orleans

### Mark Twain on Defense

MARK TWAIN was in a "preparedness argument" in old Chicago Press Club just after President Cleveland's Congress had voted to build a new fleet of battleships. The humorist's opponent, the Reverend Dr. Driscoll, objected to the Bill, insisting that all international disputes could be settled by arbitration. But Mark Twain diverted from the subject at hand (as he frequently did) to tell a pointed story.

"One Sunday morning," he

began, "two ferocious dogs ran at each other and stood apart sizing each other up. Neither one dared to start the fight until one dog opened his mouth, showing that he had no teeth. Immediately the other dog jumped on him."

Mark paused to light his pipe. "And now, Dr. Driscoll," he continued through puffs of smoke, "you and I don't believe in fighting, and we're not going to tell now, but . . ."

—F. A. ROCKWELL



SECRET





# The Coronet Game Book Section

*A miscellany of games and quizzes  
to test your mettle and that  
of your friends.*

"I Saw It with My Own Eyes" . . .	134
The Good Taste Test . . . . .	135
If You Were Judge . . . . .	141
Their Phrase Is Their Fortune . . .	143
How Would You Say It? . . . . .	147
New Tricks for Parlor Gymnasts . .	149
Can You Take a Hint? . . . . .	151



## ***"I Saw It with My Own Eyes"***

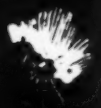
**A** GOOD reporter depends as much upon coordination of eyes and memory as upon his ability to write. This test is designed to measure your ability to reconstruct a scene to which your eyes have been exposed. You are asked to study the above picture for just one minute, noting as many spe-

cific details as possible. Then turn to page 146 and see how many of the questions there, all based on the above picture, you can answer from memory. When you have finished, turn back to this page to check yourself. A score of seven correct answers is good, nine or ten is unusual. Ready? Go!





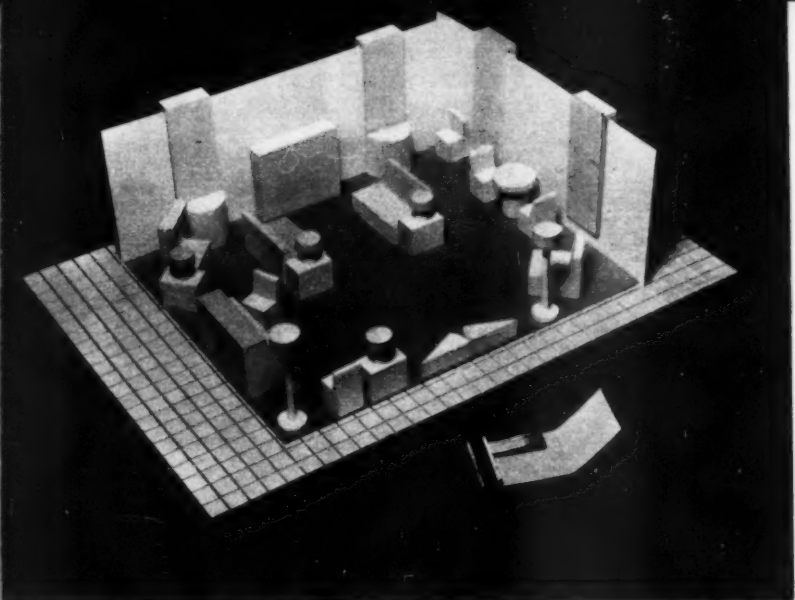




## ***The Good Taste Test***

Designer Paul MacAlister, A.I.D., who usually designs homes on a grand scale, sat down one day with a whittling knife and carved himself a complete set of miniature furniture. Its purpose was to help him visualize the rooms. MacAlister has since put the idea on the market. In his "Plan-A-Room" kit you find a wooden floor plan, together with cardboard walls and all the accessories you need to furnish a room. On the following pages, MacAlister plays a game with his Lilliput interiors. He has set up five rooms for Coronet, in each case arranging the room a right way and a wrong way. In order to play the game, study each set of photographs and decide which arrangement is right and which wrong. Give your reasons. Then check them with those of Paul MacAlister on page 152.

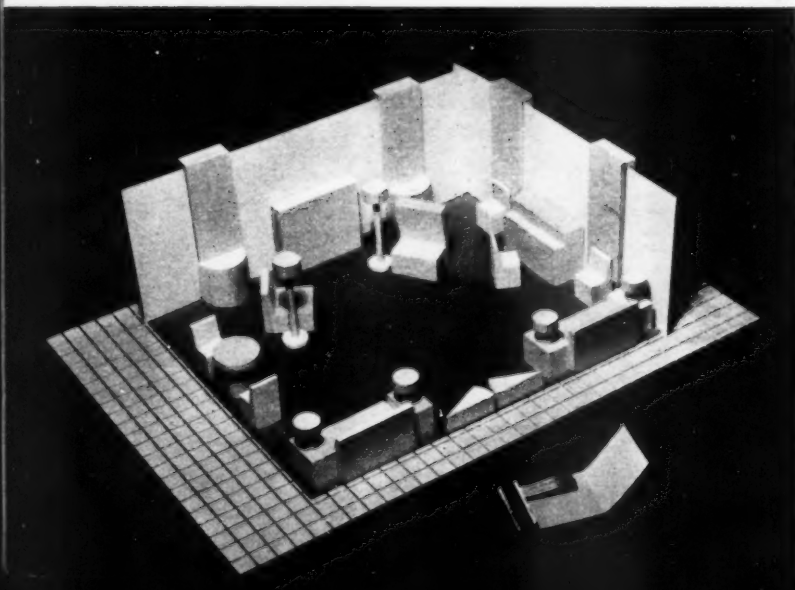


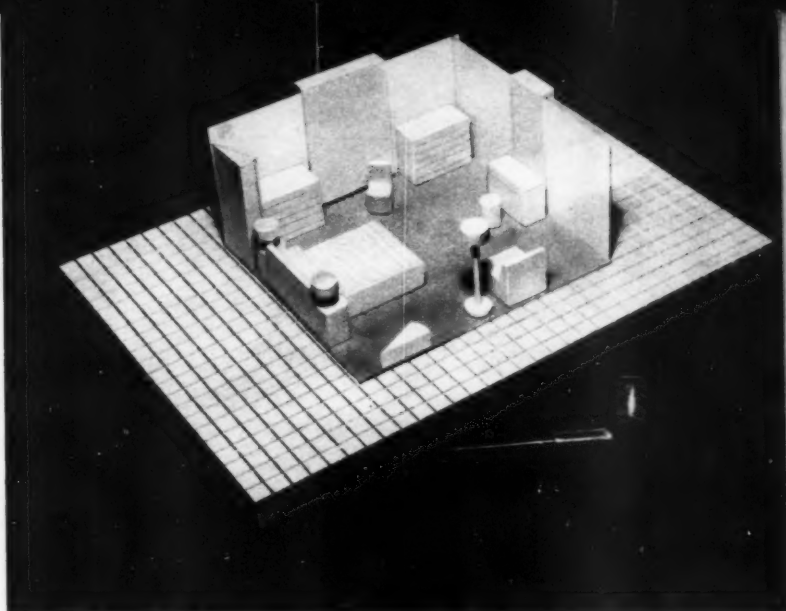


**A**

- I** *A Plan-A-Room living room (scale, one-half inch to the foot). The brackets on the walls are windows, the triangular pieces doors. That's a fireplace against the left wall, and a spinet type of piano. Which grouping do you favor?*

**B**

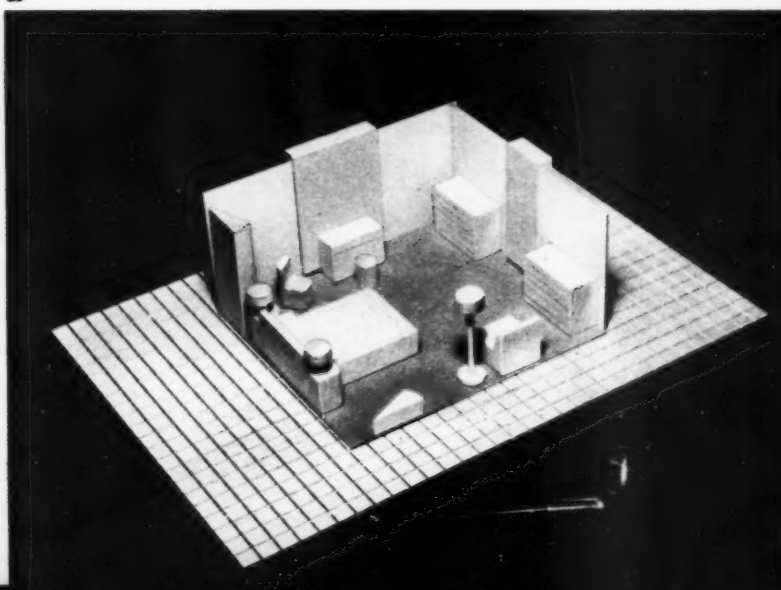


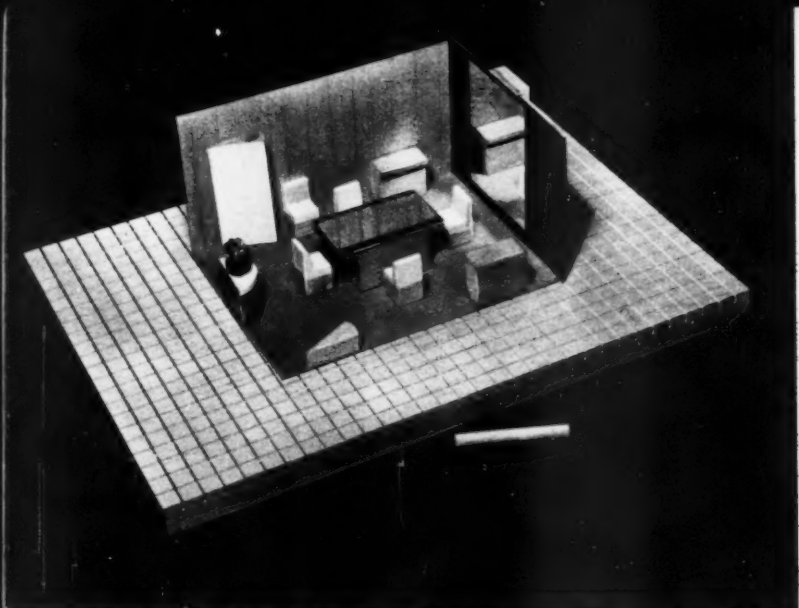


**A**

- 2** *Bedroom, with furniture by Plan-A-Room. Here only the two bureaus and dressing table are shifted. Above, the bureaus are next to the double window. Below, they flank the single window. Which grouping seems best to you?*

**B**

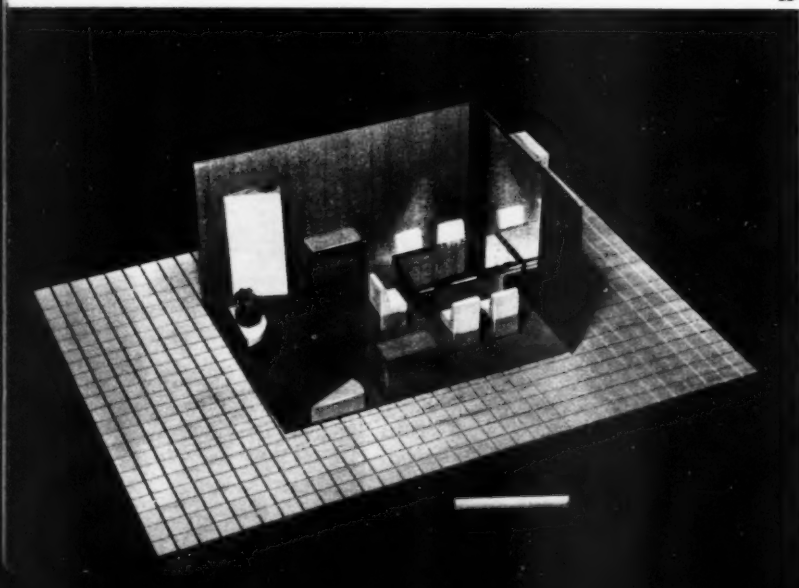


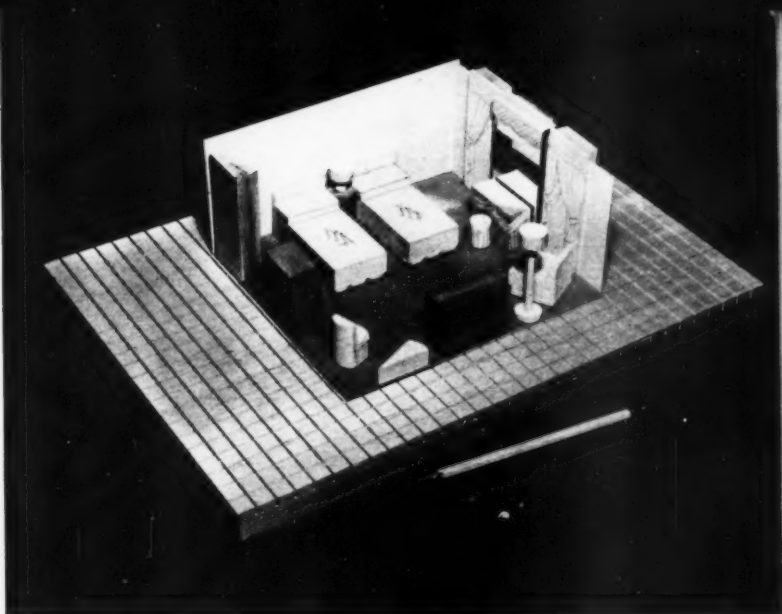


A

- 3** *If you had the large wall mirror on the right wall of this dining room, would you place your mirror-top table next to it {below} or in the center of the room {above}? Pretend that there's a window on the left wall, which is not visible.*

B

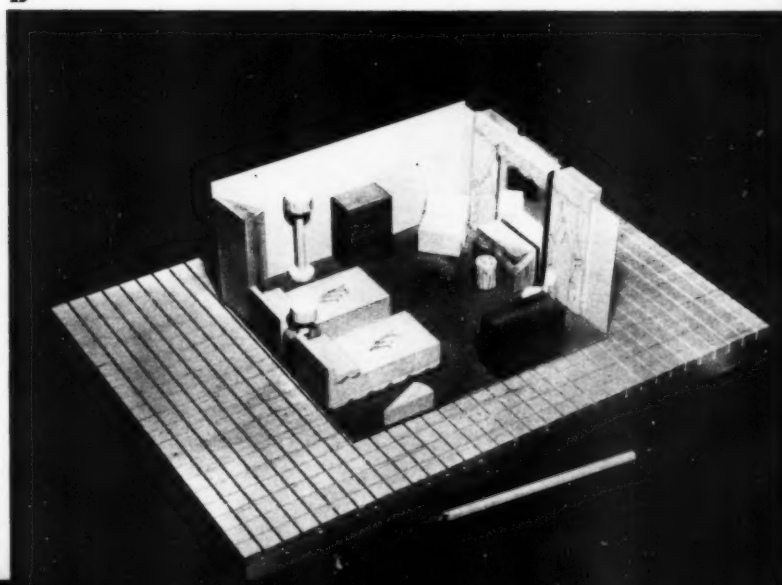




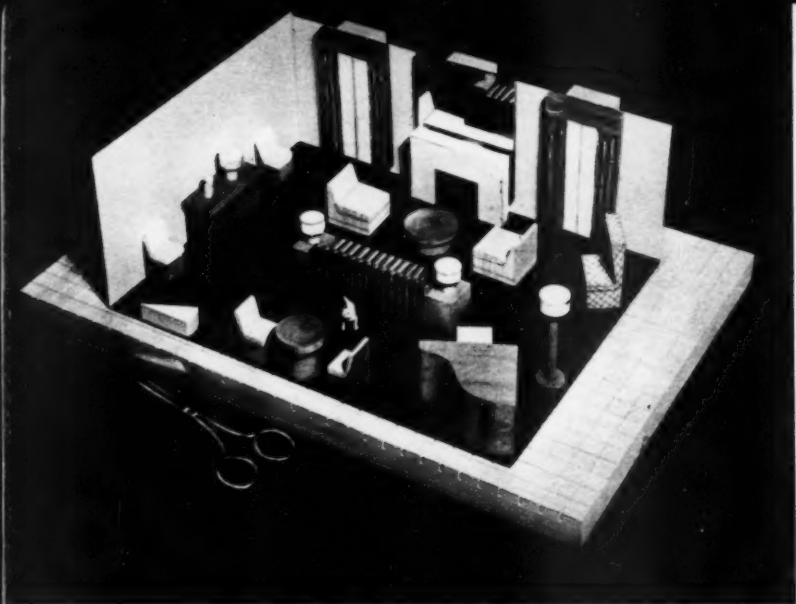
**A**

*4 Bedroom with twin beds. Those are windows flanking the large wall mirror. Would you place your beds up against the long rear wall (above) or against the short side wall (below)? Consider the positions of doors, lamps and chairs.*

**B**

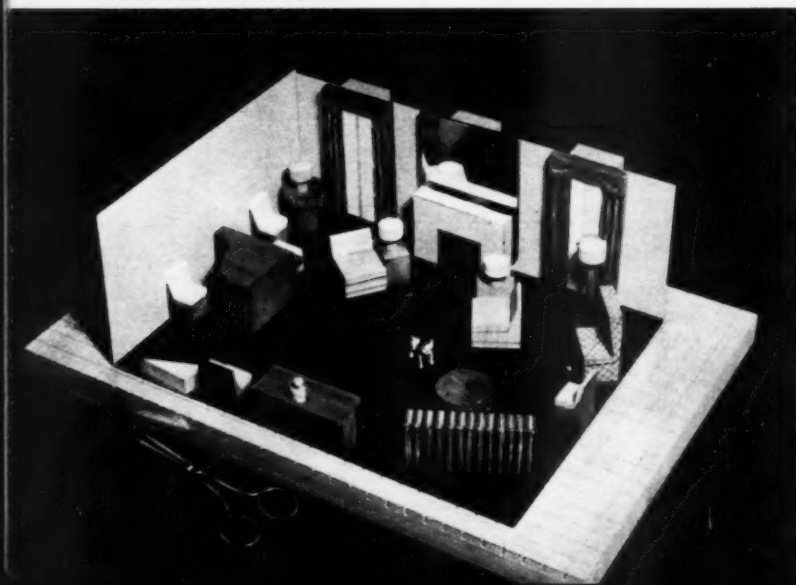






5 Here is a complete MacAlister living room about one foot long. (He gets those curtain and upholstery effects by pasting bits of colored paper.) Both rooms have exactly the same pieces of furniture. Which seems the better arranged? Why?

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WING STUDIOS









*The author of "You Be the Judge" quizzes us on a few fine points of the common law. Here is the evidence; what is your decision?*

## **If You Were Judge**

by ERNEST R. MORTENSON

**1**

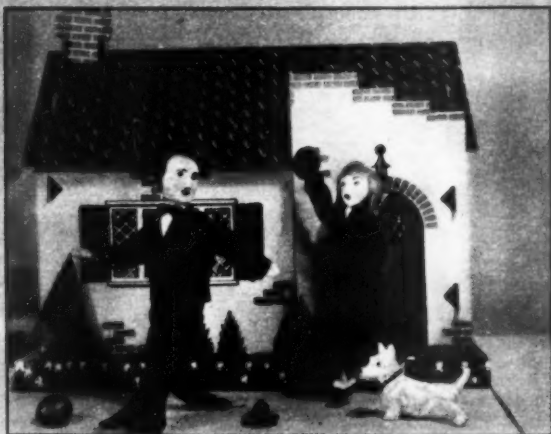
"Be my bride," says John, "and accept this diamond ring as a token of my undying affection."

"I will," coyly replies Amy as she accepts both the offer and diamond ring.



**2**

Amy shows temperament, chases John out of the house and breaks the engagement. "For my pains I at least have the engagement ring," she thinks.





**3**

When John returns to demand the ring, Amy demonstrates her attitude with convenient kitchen equipment. "You gave it to me," she screams, "I'm going to keep it."

**4** Before the judge come John and Amy, both claiming the ring. John explains, "I gave it to her as an engagement ring. Now there is no engagement, so

obviously, I should have the ring."

"He admits," she counters, "that he gave me the ring. The engagement has nothing whatever to do with it."

*Who gets the ring?—You be the judge—Court decision is on page 150.*









*You hear them on your radio, you read them in magazines and on billboards, but do you know what products they sell?*



## ***Their Phrase Is Their Fortune***

Every year American advertisers spend millions of dollars to put across pet catch phrases that describe their products or services more vividly than hundreds of words—so they hope.

Each of the following fifty slogans has three products or services listed below it. You are required to pick the product or service most closely associated with each slogan. Count 2 points for each correct answer. A score of 56 is fair, 66 is good, 76 or over is excellent. Answers will be found on page 150.

1. The World's Most Famous Lipstick
  - (a) Max Factor
  - (b) Tangee
  - (c) Coty
2. The Eyes and Ears of the World
  - (a) Pathé News
  - (b) Fox Movietone News
  - (c) Paramount News
3. When It Rains It Pours
  - (a) Morton's Salt
  - (b) Alligator Raincoats
  - (c) Domino Sugar
4. Mellowed Over 100,000,000 Years
  - (a) Mobiloil
  - (b) Sinclair Oil
  - (c) Quaker State
5. The Ham What Am
  - (a) Swift
  - (b) Armour
  - (c) Wilson
6. The Water Level Route—You Can Sleep
  - (a) Pennsylvania R.R.
  - (b) New York Central R.R.
  - (c) Chesapeake & Ohio R.R.
7. A Beverage of Moderation
  - (a) Budweiser Beer
  - (b) Pabst Blue Ribbon
  - (c) Ballantine Ale
8. Ask the Man Who Owns One
  - (a) Buick
  - (b) Packard
  - (c) Lincoln
9. America's Luxury Cigarette
  - (a) Marlboro

- (b) Herbert Tareyton  
(c) Benson & Hedges
10. You Can't Beat It  
(a) Old Drum Whisky  
(b) B.V.D.  
(c) Eversharp Pencil
11. Hasn't Scratched Yet  
(a) Old Dutch Cleanser  
(b) Bon Ami  
(c) Brillo
12. The Soap of Beautiful Women  
(a) Palmolive  
(b) Lux  
(c) Camay
13. Eye It—Try It—Buy It  
(a) Plymouth  
(b) Chevrolet  
(c) Pontiac
14. Helps Your Teeth Shine Like the Stars  
(a) Pepsodent  
(b) Ipana  
(c) Calox
15. The World's Most Honored Watch  
(a) Longines  
(b) Gruen  
(c) Waltham
16. America's Finest Cigarette  
(a) Pall Mall  
(b) Philip Morris  
(c) Raleigh
17. Route of the Flagships  
(a) T.W.A.  
(b) United Airlines  
(c) American Airlines
18. The Sign of the Flying Red Horse  
(a) Texaco  
(b) Shell  
(c) Socony
19. Extra Mildness—Extra Coolness—Extra Flavor  
(a) Camels  
(b) Lucky Strikes  
(c) Chesterfields
20. Time to Retire  
(a) Goodrich  
(b) Firestone  
(c) Fisk
21. Look for the Red & White Label  
(a) Lifebuoy Soap  
(b) Campbell's Soups  
(c) Libby's Tomato Juice
22. The Scotch with Character  
(a) Black & White  
(b) Teacher's  
(c) Haig & Haig
23. Six Delicious Flavors  
(a) Wrigley's Gum  
(b) Jell-O  
(c) Lifesavers
24. For the Skin You Love to Touch  
(a) Pond's Cold Cream  
(b) Noxema  
(c) Woodbury's Soap
25. Covers the World  
(a) R.C.A. Radiograms  
(b) Associated Press  
(c) Sherwin Williams Paint
26. The Golf Shaft of Champions  
(a) Spaulding  
(b) Kroyden  
(c) True-Temper
27. Be Sure with Pure  
(a) Cross Country Motor Oil  
(b) Bayer Aspirin  
(c) Pure Oil
28. Don't Write—Telegraph  
(a) Western Union  
(b) Postal Telegraph

- (c) Mackay Radiogram
29. Better Things for Better Living  
 (a) Du Pont  
 (b) R.C.A.  
 (c) General Electric
30. The Watch of Railroad Accuracy  
 (a) Elgin  
 (b) Hamilton  
 (c) Ingersoll
31. No Metal Can Touch You  
 (a) Pioneer Garters  
 (b) Hickok Suspenders  
 (c) Paris Garters
32. 57 Varieties  
 (a) Bird's Eye Foods  
 (b) Standard Brands  
 (c) Heinz Foods
33. A Beauty Treatment for Your Feet  
 (a) Absorbine Jr.  
 (b) Blue-Jay Corn Plasters  
 (c) Red Cross Shoes
34. The Protecting Food Drink  
 (a) Cocomalt  
 (b) Ovaltine  
 (c) Sanka Coffee
35. America's Safest Car  
 (a) Studebaker  
 (b) Hudson  
 (c) Nash
36. Helps Keep Teeth White  
 (a) Kolynos  
 (b) Pebecco  
 (c) Dentyne Gum
37. The Pause that Refreshes  
 (a) Pepsi-Cola  
 (b) Coca-Cola  
 (c) Royal Crown Cola
38. Has Had No Peers for Fifty Years  
 (a) Golden Wedding  
 (b) Lord Calvert  
 (c) Four Roses
39. Banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"  
 (a) Fels-Naptha  
 (b) Lux Flakes  
 (c) Super Suds
40. Takes the Odor out of Perspiration  
 (a) Odorono  
 (b) Mum  
 (c) Lifebuoy Soap
41. The Greatest Name in Rubber  
 (a) U. S. Rubber Co.  
 (b) Goodyear  
 (c) Goodrich
42. The Sauce of 1,000 Uses  
 (a) A-1 Sauce  
 (b) Lea & Perrins  
 (c) Heinz Ketchup
43. The Oldest Name in Scotch  
 (a) Black & White  
 (b) Dewar's  
 (c) Haig & Haig
44. The National Joy Smoke  
 (a) Brigg's Tobacco  
 (b) White Owl  
 (c) Prince Albert
45. The Better the Gas the Better Your Car  
 (a) Gulf  
 (b) Ethyl  
 (c) Cities Service
46. The Shortest Route between East & West  
 (a) United Airlines  
 (b) Pennsylvania R.R.  
 (c) N.Y. Central R.R.
47. The Granulated Soap  
 (a) Rinso  
 (b) Lux

- (c) Chipso
- 48. The Beer That Made Milwaukee Famous
  - (a) Pabst
  - (b) Schlitz
  - (c) Budweiser
- 49. The Very Best Buy Is the Whisky That's Dry
  - (a) Old Mr. Boston
  - (b) Paul Jones
  - (c) Old Grand-Dad
- 50. The Sweetest Music This Side of Heaven
  - (a) Victor Records
  - (b) Guy Lombardo's Orchestra
  - (c) Wayne King's Orchestra

### **Questions for "I Saw It with My Own Eyes"**

*(Do not read these questions until you have finished studying the photograph on page 134.)*

- 1. This busy thoroughfare is located in
  - (a) The United States
  - (b) Mexico
  - (c) China
- 2. Foreground roof contains
  - (a) water tank
  - (b) outdoor sign
  - (c) washing on a line
- 3. Cars are parked along
  - (a) left side of street only
  - (b) right side of street only
  - (c) both sides of street
- 4. Bandstand is located
  - (a) in center of park
  - (b) in near corner of park
  - (c) no bandstand visible
- 5. Parkway down concourse contains
  - (a) street lights
  - (b) telephone poles
  - (c) elm trees
- 6. In the lower right-hand corner, five people
  - (a) are starting across street
  - (b) have just crossed street
  - (c) there are no people
- 7. Trees in park are mostly
  - (a) evergreens
  - (b) palms
  - (c) shade trees
- 8. Office building at left center is of
  - (a) modern design
  - (b) Victorian design
  - (c) classic design
- 9. No building visible is
  - (a) over three floors high
  - (b) without windows
  - (c) displaying a flag
- 10. Pedestrian crosswalks are indicated by
  - (a) solid lines
  - (b) broken lines
  - (c) pedestrians are on their own

*A radio announcer who earns his living by speaking words, scored 88 on this test of pronunciation; how well do you compare?*



## **How Would You Say It?**

MANY of us, when encountering words we have never seen before, think we know the pronunciation, but sometimes we find ourselves fooled.

Words we think we know how to pronounce are so completely camouflaged in their spelling that they sound surprisingly different from the way they look.

The purpose of this quiz is to put those of us who need correction in our pronunciation on the right track again. The various pronunciations for each word are indicated in the simplest way—by phonetic respelling of the words. Hyphens divide the words into syllables.

A complete key to the various pronunciations will be found at the bottom of each page. Deduct 4 points for each one you miss. A score of 60 is fair, 72 is good, 84 is excellent. Answers will be found on page 153.

1. vignette  
(a) vī'net  
(b) vig-net'  
(c) vin-yet'
2. covetous  
(a) kō-vet'us  
(b) kuv'e-tus  
(c) ku-vet'us
3. scion  
(a) sī'un  
(b) sē'on  
(c) skī'on
4. meerschaum  
(a) mer'shum  
(b) mer'shawm  
(c) mēr'shum
5. inundate  
(a) in-un'dāt  
(b) in'un-dāt  
(c) in-un-dāt'
6. globule  
(a) glob'ül  
(b) glöb'ül  
(c) glob-ül'

---

äte, at; mē, mērgē, met; mīte, mint; nōte, nōōn, not; hūe, hūrt, hut.

7. quintuplets  
 (a) kin-too'plets  
 (b) kwin'tū-plets  
 (c) kwin-tu'plets
8. inexplicable  
 (a) in-eks-pli'ka-bl  
 (b) in-eks'pli-ka-bl  
 (c) in'eks-pli-ka-bl
9. climacteric  
 (a) klī-mak-ter'ik  
 (b) klī-mak'tēr-ik  
 (c) kli-mak-ter'ik
10. comely  
 (a) kōm'li  
 (b) kom'li  
 (c) kum'li
11. viceroy  
 (a) vis'ēr-oi  
 (b) vis'roi  
 (c) vis'roi
12. exigency  
 (a) ek'si-jen-si  
 (b) ek-si'jen-si  
 (c) ek-si-jen'si
13. ignominy  
 (a) ig'nō-min-i  
 (b) ig'no-min-i  
 (c) ig-nō'min-i
14. visage  
 (a) viz-aj'  
 (b) viz-āj'  
 (c) viz'ij
15. syllabic  
 (a) si-lab'ik  
 (b) si'la-bik  
 (c) si-la-bik'
16. suppliant  
 (a) sup-plī'ant  
 (b) sup'li-ant  
 (c) sup-lī-ant'
17. circuitous  
 (a) sēr-kū'i-tus  
 (b) sēr'ki-tus  
 (c) sēr'kū-i-tus
18. paroxysm  
 (a) par-ok'sizm  
 (b) par'ok-sizm  
 (c) par-ok-sizm'
19. victual  
 (a) vik'tū-al  
 (b) vīt'l  
 (c) vit'l
20. caisson  
 (a) ka'sun  
 (b) kā'sun  
 (c) kā-sun'
21. calliope  
 (a) ka-lī'ō-pē  
 (b) kal'i-ōp  
 (c) ka-lī-ōp'
22. taciturn  
 (a) tak'i-tūrn  
 (b) tas'i-tūrn  
 (c) tas'i-tūrn
23. heinous  
 (a) hē'nus  
 (b) hā'nus  
 (c) hē'nē-us
24. esquire  
 (a) es'kwīr  
 (b) es-kwīr'  
 (c) skwīr
25. obsequious  
 (a) ob'se-kwi-us  
 (b) ob-sē'kwi-us  
 (c) ob-sē'kwiz

āte, at; mē, mērgē, met; mīte, mint; nōte, nōōn, not; hūe, hūrt, hut.



*Knowing a good parlor trick or two doesn't necessarily mean you must be the "life of the party." But it does make it possible for you to add a little interest when the evening begins to bog. The following stunts are suggested by the popular author of "Betcha Can't Do It."*

## **New Tricks for Parlor Gymnasts**

by ALEXANDER VAN RENSSELAER

### **The Expanding Nipple**

WHO WOULD believe that an ordinary nipple for a baby's bottle will hold the entire contents of a Coca-Cola bottle? Yet it can—like this.

First, you stick a pin half way into each of the holes in the nipple. The heads of the pins will be outside the nipple and the points inside. Then open the Coca-Cola bottle and quickly pull the nipple over the top. Wind a piece of strong string around that part of the nipple which overlays the neck of the bottle, and tie it tightly. Now shake the bottle and turn it upside down. Hold it in that position for a short time. Repeat this procedure until the last drop of Coca-Cola in the bottle runs into the nipple. Yes, sir, the nipple will be expanded by the gas in the Coca-Cola until it is large enough to hold every last drop.

### **Picking Two Coins Off a Glass**

HERE IS A nice stunt for nimble fingers. Balance two nickels on the rim of a high-ball glass, opposite one another, and ask some one to pick up both coins at the same instant between the thumb and index finger of *one* hand. You illustrate your instructions by holding your right hand well above the glass with the thumb above one coin and the finger above the other, just as if you were going to pick up the coins.

To demonstrate the stunt yourself, hold your hand as described above, and then lower it until your thumb is in contact with one coin, your finger with the other. At the same time, with your thumb and finger, tip the coins over the outer sides of the glass and hold them between the glass and your thumb and finger. Now quickly



draw the coins along the glass towards you until they meet, when, of course, you will be able to pinch them together and remove them.

### ***A Balancing Test***

SOME PERSONS have a better sense of balance than others. Here is a very simple test of yours. Mark a straight line on the floor. Stand on this line with your feet spread well apart, your toes and heels both on the line, and the right foot forward. Now, with your left hand behind your back, take a cork in your right hand and passing it between your right and left legs, see how far to the left of the line upon

which you are balancing you can place it on the floor. Then challenge one of your guests to stand exactly as you stood and to place the cork farther to the left of the line than you placed it. In placing the cork, the performer can bend his knees, rise up on his toes, and twist his body as he likes, but, under no circumstances can he remove his left hand from behind his back, move either or both of his feet off the line upon which they are placed, touch the floor or any other object but the cork with his right hand, or lose his balance. It is really astonishing how far from the line some people can place the cork.

### ***Court Decision to If You Were Judge***

Said the court in *Jacobs vs. Davis*, 2 K.B. 532, "Though the origin of the engagement ring has been forgotten, it still retains its character of a pledge or something to bind the bargain or contract to marry, and it is given on the understanding that a party who breaks the contract must

return it. Whether the ring is a pledge or a conditional gift, this is true.

"The engagement ring given by the plaintiff to the defendant was given upon the implied condition that it should be returned if the defendant broke the contract; she did break it, and therefore must return the ring."

### ***Answers to Their Phrase Is Their Fortune***

1. B	11. B	21. B	31. C	41. B
2. C	12. C	22. A	32. C	42. B
3. A	13. B	23. B	33. C	43. C
4. B	14. C	24. C	34. B	44. C
5. B	15. A	25. C	35. B	45. B
6. B	16. B	26. C	36. C	46. B
7. A	17. C	27. C	37. B	47. A
8. B	18. C	28. A	38. A	48. B
9. A	19. A	29. A	39. A	49. B
10. A	20. C	30. B	40. B	50. B

Given a clue or two, you are hereby challenged to name the fifty persons whose names are herewith suggested



## Can You Take a Hint?

Robert Louis Stevenson never lets you forget, in *Treasure Island*, that Long John Silver has a wooden leg. Having endowed this character with an identity tag, Stevenson was craftsman enough to keep waving that tag in your face, so that never for a moment does your mind lose sight of that malevolent man with the wooden leg.

Most men have comparable identity tags of one sort or another—some attribute indelibly associated with them.

This quiz tests your ability to guess the individual, real or fictional, behind the label which hints at his identity. In each instance, in addition to the "association word," the initials of the individual are given as a further clue.

Count two points for each correct answer. A score of 70 is fair, 80 is good, and 90 or over puts you into the excellent class. Answers will be found on page 153.

1. Hatchet (G. W.)
2. Umbrella (N.C.)
3. Empire State Bldg. (A.S.)
4. Ostrich Fan (S.R.)
5. Lariat (W.R.)
6. Bow and Arrow (R.H.)
7. Silver Skates (H.B.)
8. Trident (N.)
9. Dime (J.D.R.)
10. Black Homburg (A.E.)
11. White Horse (G.)
12. Lantern (D.)
13. Glass Slippers (C.)
14. Balcony (R.)
15. Diamond Studs (J.B.)
16. Kite (B.F.)
17. Coonskin Cap (D.B.)
18. Fireside (F.D.R.)
19. Harp (H.M.)
20. Winged Sandals (M.)
21. Asp (C.)
22. Ears (C.G.)
23. Snake Coiffure (M.)
24. Big Stick (T.R.)
25. Nightingale (J. L.)
26. Golden Fleece (J.)

27. Heel (A.)
28. Lamp (A.)
29. Eyebrows (J.L.L.)
30. Whitewash (T.S.)
31. Log Cabin (A.L.)
32. Flag (B.R.)
33. The Bee (J.B.)
34. Dreams (S.F.)
35. Scarlet Letter (H.P.)
36. Haircut (S.)
37. Rabies (L.P.)
38. Beer Barrel (T.G.)

39. Spinach (P.)
40. Profile (J.B.)
41. Calamity Jane (R.J.)
42. Seventy-seven (H.G.)
43. Libraries (A.C.)
44. Free Silver (W.J.B.)
45. Apple (W.T.)
46. Legs (M.D.)
47. Dueling Pistol (A.B.)
48. Tumbril (M.A.)
49. Looking Glass (A.)
50. Slingshot (D.)

### **Answers to The Good Taste Test**

**1.** A is the correct room. The furniture has been more evenly placed and spaced, lending a greater sense of balance to the whole. Notice that the fireplace has seats for four (not two) people, which makes a better conversational grouping. Also, the wing-back chair in the lower right corner has been placed next to a window.

In B there is an overwhelming sense of *pairs* (a common decorational mistake). Chairs, lamps, love seats, have been paired off, with no real sense of balance. The middle of the room has an empty feeling. The floor lamps are on the wrong side of the fireside chairs, for light should always be made to come over the left shoulder. In A, the floor lamps are in the correct positions. Note that in B, the spinet piano has no lamp. The hostess has forgotten that pianists need light.

**2.** B is the correct room. The A grouping is wrong, because the two

bureaus put too much weight on the double window side of the room, while the dressing table overpowers the single window on the adjacent wall. Notice that when the bureaus are placed on either side of the single window as in B, they make an attractive balance for the double bed, as well as giving an attractive background to the dressing table.

**3.** A is an ordinary grouping, B is an original one. By the simple device of pushing the mirror-top table against the wall mirror, an illusion of greater space is attained. It practically doubles the length of the table and lends a dramatic effect to the room. If you consider that light from the window at the left strikes directly at the wall mirror and then—in B—is reflected farther onto the table top, you realize what effects can be attained by avoiding the obvious. A is an obvious arrangement.

4. A is right. When the twin beds are placed against the long wall, the effect of greater space is attained. In A there is much easier access to the room through the door in the lower left corner. In B there is a too-common mistake—that of placing the beds so that they face the windows. (Early morning sunlight landing on the face of the sleeper is not the most pleasant sensation.) Sunlight should illuminate the beds only indirectly. The floor lamp in B serves no direct purpose.

5. A is the right room. Chairs and sofas have been placed for maximum conversational efficiency. There is a feeling of comfortable intimacy here.

The coffee table is correctly placed before the fireplace. The floor lamp is placed by the piano. There is lots of space around the library table, and the table set is always a good idea.

In B there is too much angularity, too much catty-corner effect. The effect is irregular and unbalanced. The two heaviest pieces of furniture in the room, the piano and the library table, are too close to each other, being against adjacent walls. There is no real conversational spot in the room. The piano lighting is particularly bad. Again, too, there is a feeling of emptiness in the middle of this room—an awkward emptiness.

### ***Answers to Can You Take a Hint?***

1. George Washington; 2. Neville Chamberlain; 3. Al Smith; 4. Sally Rand; 5. Will Rogers; 6. Robin Hood; 7. Hans Brinker; 8. Neptune; 9. John D. Rockefeller; 10. Anthony Eden.

11. Godiva; 12. Diogenes; 13. Cinderella; 14. Romeo; 15. Jim Brady; 16. Benjamin Franklin; 17. Daniel Boone; 18. Franklin D. Roosevelt; 19. Harpo Marx; 20. Mercury.

21. Cleopatra; 22. Clark Gable; 23. Medusa; 24. Theodore Roosevelt; 25. Jenny Lind; 26. Jason; 27. Achil-

les; 28. Aladdin; 29. John L. Lewis; 30. Tom Sawyer.

31. Abraham Lincoln; 32. Betsy Ross; 33. Jack Benny; 34. Sigmund Freud; 35. Hester Prynne; 36. Samson; 37. Louis Pasteur; 38. Tony Galento; 39. Popeye; 40. John Barrymore.

41. Robert ("Bobbie") Jones; 42. Harold ("Red") Grange; 43. Andrew Carnegie; 44. William Jennings Bryan; 45. William Tell; 46. Marlene Dietrich; 47. Aaron Burr; 48. Marie Antoinette; 49. Alice; 50. David.

### ***Answers to How Would You Say It?***

1. C	6. A	11. C	16. B	21. A or B
2. B	7. B	12. A	17. A	22. C
3. A	8. B	13. A	18. B	23. B
4. C	9. A or B	14. C	19. C	24. B
5. B	10. C	15. A	20. B	25. B

*Like a hole in the ground, worry becomes bigger and bigger the more you dig into it; here's how to avoid falling into the hole*



## **The Way Out of Worry**

by RALPH A. HABAS

**Y**OU MAY recall this scene from Noel Coward's *Cavalcade*:

A young honeymoon couple are observed standing at the rail of a great liner. Dreamily they look at the sea, as soft music floats from within the ship. Then, as the young people move apart, the audience sees a life buoy with the ship's name on it. The ship is the *Titanic*.

To the audience, of course, this scene is deeply moving. It knows that the *Titanic* is about to strike an iceberg and go under. But to the actors in the drama it is just another beautiful evening spent together. True, if these young people *had* feared some impending disaster, such fear would have been legitimate. But it would have spoiled a delightful hour needlessly.

*Many of us spoil our whole lives*

*thus, by foolishly worrying about imminent misfortunes which may or may not actually take place.*

For example, a man who fears that his money will be lost deprives himself of present happiness by worrying about something which, even if it *did* occur, would merely reduce him to a state little worse than that in which his worry habit *already* has placed him.

Consider the curious case of a certain multimillionaire—a man who made \$50,000,000 in South African diamonds by the time he was forty-two. Returning to England, he erected a magnificent mansion in London, bought a country home, built a yacht. He joined all the fashionable clubs and launched his daughter in society. Then, after living high, wide and handsome for about a dozen years, he shot himself, giving as a

reason his fear of some day returning to the poverty from which he had risen.

Naturally worry does not always lead to suicide as in this case. But it *can* be assumed that there never was a situation which was not made worse by worry.

THERE IS a common belief that worry may be remedied by removing the cause—and that the cause of worry lies in the adversities of everyday life. But is this belief correct? Is the cause generally in the things that happen to us—or is it not more often to be found in ourselves?

Doubtless the quickest way to get rid of some worries is to remedy the matter of concern: as, for example, to obtain cash when that is what is needed. But too often such a remedy is not feasible, and it is well known that the same situation will lead one person to extreme worry while leaving another relatively calm.

For worry is a subjective state which need not be incited by actual difficulties that are inevitable in the lives of all of us. As a matter of fact, with most people, worry, when you get right down to it, is nothing more than habit. Even when things are going along all right, some source of distress is

sure to appear on the horizon.

And so the worrying tendency always can find *something* to feed upon. The dangerous thing is that worry may precipitate the very evil which is feared!

For instance, a jealous wife tortures both herself and her husband, because she dreads that some other woman will steal him away from her. In the end she kills his love with her crazy antics and thus brings on the very catastrophe she so dreaded.

Or a middle-aged businessman becomes haunted by anxiety as to what will happen to him in the last ten or fifteen years of his life. He assumes—gratuitously—that his earning power will then be exhausted, and that his savings will be insufficient for his living requirements. Thus, by his worrying about a remote tomorrow, he is actually decreasing today's efficiency and therefore, inviting the very predicament of which he is afraid.

Since worry is in essence fear, a formula for overcoming fear used by Theodore Roosevelt may prove helpful to worriers.

When T.R. was a boy, as he tells in his *Autobiography*, he read a passage in one of Marryat's books which he never forgot. In it, the captain of a small British man-of-

war is explaining to the hero how to acquire the quality of fearlessness. At the outset, he says, almost every man is frightened when he goes into action. The thing he must do is to keep such a grip on himself that he can act just as if he were not frightened. After this is kept up long enough it changes from pretense to reality, and the man actually becomes fearless.

This is the theory which the two-fisted Teddy himself used. "There were," he says, "all kinds of things of which I was afraid at first, ranging from grizzly bears to mean horses and gun-fighters; but by acting as if I were not afraid I gradually ceased to be afraid."

It is possible for us to have roughly the same experience, in conquering our worry habit. If we pretend not to be afraid, when we are up against situations which ordinarily give rise to anxiety, we may lose our fear completely.

BY ITSELF however, this technique cannot be depended upon in the case of the average worrier. What he needs as much as anything else is *insight*.

The worrier fears chiefly the unpredictable, the mysterious, the unknown. He accordingly requires such understanding as will help

dispel these sources of his dread. Principally he must come to realize that it is the fear of things, not the things themselves, which gives him the jitters—and that the majority of his fears are foolish and baseless. As one old man put it: "I have lived over four score years, and in my life have suffered many troubles — most of which never came to pass." Nobody could ever prove to the people of Swift's Laputa that the sun would not wear out—nor that the earth would not fall into it. Yet today we can all see that they were more than a little silly to worry about this eventuality. And most of our own fears are similarly fictitious.

Here is a simple way for you to prove to yourself that they are. Take a notebook and pencil and make a list every day for a week of the things that worry you. Then put the notebook aside for about a month—long enough to give all the things of which you are afraid a chance to happen. At the end of the period get out your notebook and jot down opposite each feared item what actually happened. *You will be surprised not at what happened but at what did not happen.*

Another important part of the technique for conquering worry is to direct your thoughts into the right channels. You can't make



yourself stop worrying by ordering yourself to forget whatever it is that's worrying you, but if you fill your mind with *other* thoughts, then the worry thoughts are eliminated by substitution.

This substitution procedure can be facilitated by employing the period of one's childhood for purposes of reminiscence. Reminiscence or thinking of this type is probably best because most of us had such a good time as children, and the trials of childhood occurred so long ago as to have lost their emotional force. Besides, considerations which may greatly disturb you now were likely of no significance to you as a child.

In using this substitution device you will do well to pick out a specific childhood playmate from whom your reminiscence regularly may take its departure. Say the playmate's name was Betty Brown. Then, each time you find yourself

worrying, simply recall Betty's name, how she looked, where she lived and so forth—this will give your mind something definite on which to get started.

Mental substitution is a trick and has to be learned. But the more you practice it, the sooner will your worry habit be licked.

Though difficult and unpleasant conditions can't always be changed, your habit of worrying about them, and unfortunate ways of meeting and reacting to them generally, *can* and *should* be.

—Suggestions for further reading:

IN THE NAME OF COMMON SENSE  
by Matthew N. Chappell \$1.75  
The Macmillan Company, New York

THE ART OF LIVING  
by André Maurois \$2.50  
Harper & Brothers, New York

THE SELF YOU HAVE TO LIVE WITH  
by Winfred Rhoades \$1.75  
J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia

MENTAL HYGIENE FOR EFFECTIVE LIVING  
by Edwin A. Kirkpatrick \$2.25  
D. Appleton-Century Company, New York

### ***From the Gutter Into the Sewer***

IN A letter to a friend, Benjamin Franklin once wrote:

"A gentleman in a coffee-house desired another to sit further from him. 'Why so?'—'Because, Sir, you smell like a polecat.'—'That is an affront and you must fight me!'—'I

will fight you, if you insist upon it; but I do not see how it will mend the matter. For if you kill me, I shall smell like a polecat, too; and if I kill you, you will smell, if possible, even worse than you do at present.'"

—LESTER HIRST

## **Bread and butter**

As a rule, bread-and-butter letters faze us not a whit. It is such a simple matter to write in scrawly longhand, "We wish to thank you most cordially for the lovely glass compote you sent us."

But thanking an entire reading audience for a certain *state of mind* . . . manifested through a long series of helpful suggestions—and constructive criticisms . . . is something else again.

Coronet has traveled a long and exciting path since the first of the year . . . a path entirely forward and upward, thanks to your help.

It was at your suggestion that we gave new meaning to the Portfolio of Personalities, an old standby. We've

altered new features, too, like the Cartoon Digest, according to your welcome criticisms. And we've added a Coronet Bookette and a Game Book feature, subject to your approval.

What it all simmers down to is our new plan for Coronet: as a magazine of the greatest possible general appeal, in convenient pocket-size.

Right now, we are experimenting with espionage problems, picture-story features and with the auto-obituaries. And through the Coronet Workshop, you are telling us whether you like them. If you do, they'll stay.

After all, Coronet is as much your magazine as it is ours. Our job is solely to make your investment penetrate as deeply as possible over a wide area.

## *The Coronet Dividend Coupon*

(Clip and Mail this Coupon)



### READER DIVIDEND COUPON No. 7

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Please send me one unfolded reprint of the gatefold subject indicated below. I understand that I can receive "Mississippi Moon" by Georges Schreiber as my free August reprint dividend, by checking the box next to it. I understand, also, that I may obtain either, or both, of the alternative dividends at 10c each (to cover the cost of production and handling charges), if I so indicate.

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- ☐ Grace Note: Color Photograph by Tom Kelley (enclose 10c)

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**Note:** Reprints may be ordered *only* on this coupon—valid until August 25, 1941.

## ***The Coronet Workshop***

### ***RESULTS OF BALLOTING ON PROJECT #9***

Following is the result of the voting on Project No. 9 (Suggestions for Further Reading):

For continuing the feature—91%.

For discontinuing the feature—9%.

There it is. About as nearly a unanimous decision as one could expect.

And as a result, of course, the editors will continue to publish the suggestions for further reading, wherever the subject matter indicates that additional information might prove desirable to Coronet readers.

Various and sundry are the uses to

which these added bibliographical notes are put. They started one woman into the study of her genealogy. A man and his wife use the suggestions as a guide to developing their home library. In one family they are an aid to raising the children.

Obviously, each of you has his own reasons for wanting the suggestions continued. And for just as long as readers find a use for them, the editors will be only too pleased to go right on digging up new notes on collateral reading.

### ***WINNERS OF THE AWARDS FOR PROJECT #9***

For the best letter on Project No. 9, the first prize has been awarded to Thomas Lewis Moore, Nashville, Tennessee, second prize to Mrs. Fred N. Turner, San Francisco, California, and third to Mrs. Lloyd Morris, Jr., Washington, D. C.

## ***Project #13***

### ***THE AUTO-OBITUARY***

The idea of assigning a well-known, living personality to write his or her own obituary for Coronet, was accepted on a trial basis, just a month ago. Now, with this issue, readers have had an opportunity to peruse two such features, and we put it squarely up to you. Is it a good feature? Does the novelty and uniqueness of the auto-obituary mark it for a place in Coronet's ever-varied diet of good reading? Consider the following three alternatives:

- a.** Shall the auto-obituary become a regular Coronet feature?
- b.** Shall it be included only on scattered occasions in Coronet?
- c.** Shall it be discontinued altogether?

If you will take the time to write us a letter, giving us your choice of these alternatives, together with your reasons, you will become eligible for Coronet's regular monthly awards of \$25 first prize, \$15 second prize and \$5 third prize for the best such letters received. Address your entry, postmarked no later than August 25th, to the Coronet Workshop, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Manuscripts, photographs and other materials submitted for publication should be addressed to CORONET, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, and must be accompanied by postage or by provision for payment of carrying charges if their return is desired in the event of non-purchase. No responsibility will be assumed for loss or damage of unsolicited materials submitted. Subscribers' notices of change of address must be received one month before they are to take effect. Both old and new addresses should be given.